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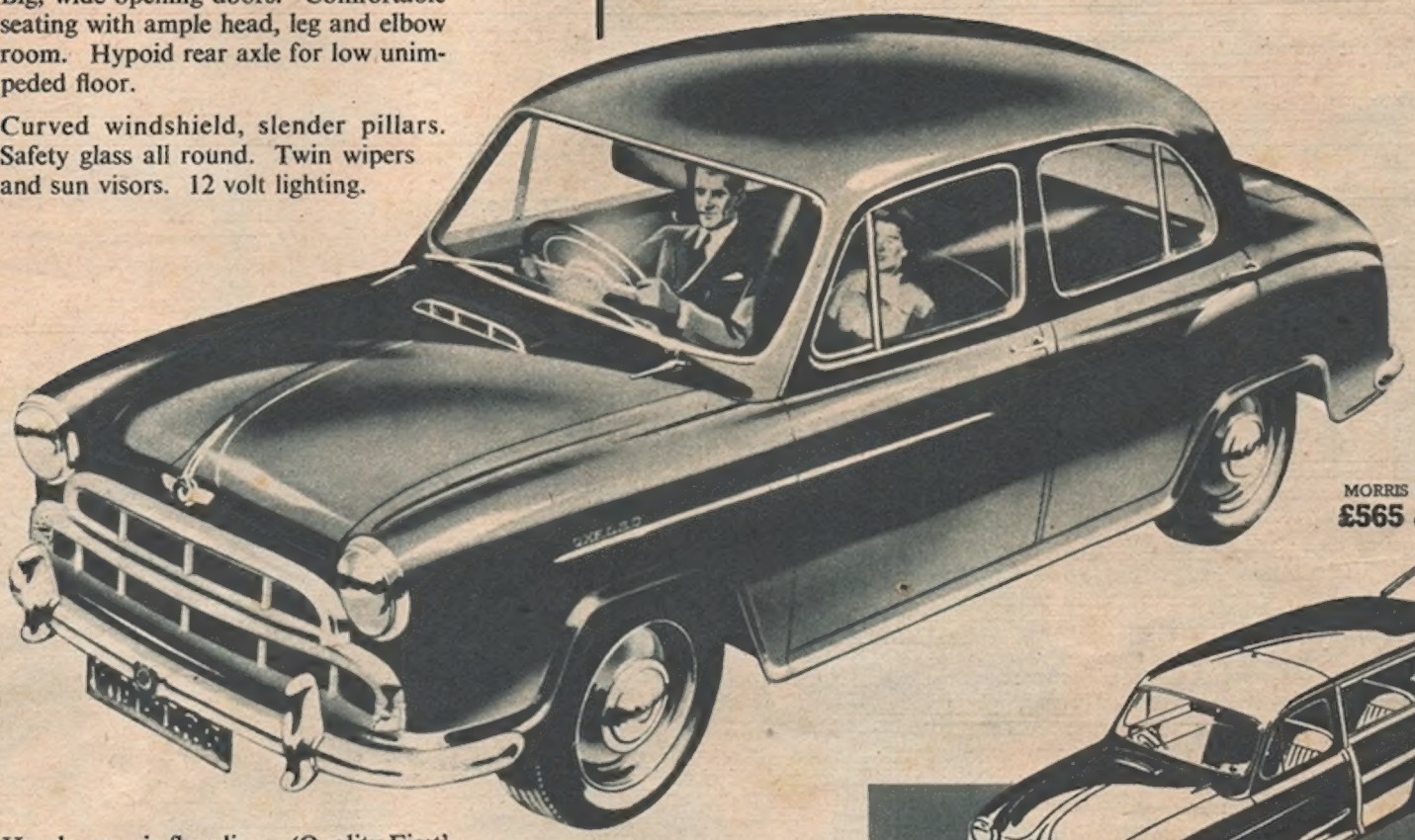

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IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

PARENTS' DAY *by John Davies* 18
RAFFLES AND THE ANNIVERSARY THIEF *by Barry Perowne* 24

Articles

MRS. PAYNE'S GAY WHIRL OF PARTIES *by Rex Grizell* 10
THE MIRACLE MAN DESIGNS FOR LIVING *by David Millwood* 16
FIRST FRIEND IN BRITAIN *by John Ennis* 22
FARMING'S HUNDRED ACRE SHOWMAN *by René Lecler* 29

Serials

THE PROVING FLIGHT (Part 1) *by David Beaty* 7
ZANZABUKU (Part 5) *by Lewis Cotlow* 12

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. PROGRESS: 30, 32, 36, 40, 45. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 37. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 43. OPEN TO VIEW: 46

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

David Beaty has flown the Atlantic Ocean 160 times

FROM his desk in a brightly painted summerhouse in his garden at Hever, Kent, David Beaty watches trans-continental airliners thundering down the air roads to London. It is an important sight for him; the air has been the setting for both his successful careers. As an airline pilot and captain, Beaty crossed the Atlantic 160 times; now he is writing about the men and machines in this glamorous contemporary industry. "The Proving Flight," which begins on page 7, is his latest novel. It is the Book Society choice for June.

The comfortable friendly home at Hever is the workshop for two writers: Beaty and his wife, Betty. They thrash out story ideas before starting to write, often while driving through Kent's winding lanes. Then, when it is Beaty's turn to produce a story, he writes the first draft in "illegible longhand." After the children (Carole, four; Susan, six) have been put to bed, he reads the day's output to Betty for comment.

His wife also had an airborne career. She was a Waaf officer when they met and later an air stewardess, and her stories are also set in the sky. But when she is writing, says Beaty, "she bangs out first drafts on the typewriter, on the kitchen-table, at great speed."

One of Beaty's books has been quoted in evidence at an air-disaster inquiry, but first and foremost he wants his stories to be enjoyed. Sometimes, "while digging up weeds in the garden," Beaty (now thirty-seven) misses the atmosphere of the huge aircraft that fly over his home. "Although you can get tired of being an Atlantic ping-pong ball."

BARRY PEROWNE first read Raffles in jail—at the age of eight. "I had just run away from home. When the police found me wandering at Gosport I refused to give my name, so they kept me at the station all night while they made inquiries. They gave me a mug of cocoa and three books to read: one of them was *Raffles*." Perowne has remained a wanderer and a Raffles fan ever since.

In the 1930s, with permission from the executors of E. W. Hornung, the creator of Raffles, Perowne revived the gentleman crook, the cracksman with a heart of gold who chooses as his victims only cads, scoundrels and bounders—as JOHN BULL readers well know. The latest Raffles story starts on page 24.

Perowne—real name, Philip Atkey, born in Wiltshire in 1908—has been writing short stories and novels for more than thirty years. When he was fifteen he left home to go to London "and be a writer." Very soon he was left with no food, no job, and only one penny. He put the penny in the gas meter in his 10s. 6d.-a-week room, and wrote a poem. The next day he gate-crashed his way into the office of an editor—who bought the poem for three guineas. Perowne hasn't looked back since. The day afterwards, he saw another editor and got a job.

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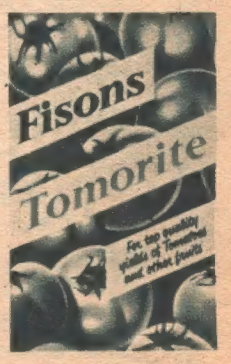

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Free Speech

- **Freedom delivers the goods**
- **Insurance men on the watch**
- **Do savers need encouragement?**

AFTER ten years as an executive with a manufacturing company, I recently joined their rivals—a concern just about the same size.

The difference in the working atmosphere is astonishing; yet I would say the staff are no less or no more capable than those at my previous firm, where we maintained a rigid discipline from director down to tea boy. At my new firm, however, no check is kept on tea breaks and nothing is said if anyone is late for work. Frequently, though, the staff stay on voluntarily to see a job through. No comment is passed if mistakes are made, either—yet I am told that they are seldom, if ever, repeated.

I was sceptical about the results of this policy until I checked the figures. This company, employing the same number of people as their competitors, had a turnover last year bigger by half. And only once in two years have they failed to keep a delivery date.—L. M. E., Lancashire.

Wire Haired?

When I comb my dog, I often sense electric currents passing through my fingertips. The feeling is rather unpleasant, but one day the shocks were so pronounced that I worked only with my right hand. The dog leaned over as I combed, and touched the back of my left hand with his damp nose. This no doubt completed the circuit, because we had a most unpleasant shock. The dog yelped and dived under the armchair, where he stayed for the rest of the evening. —MRS. D. ROWLINSON, Blackheath, Colchester, Essex.

"Normally, static electricity generated in this way is sensed as small pinpricks," says the National Physical Laboratory. "If the person combing and the animal are insulated from the ground, however, the charge can easily build up and cause a shock. But there is no danger."

Their Big Day

Football Association and Rugby League cup finals ("Free Speech," May 5) are played in London simply because more people can be more comfortably accommodated at Wembley Stadium than anywhere else, and because it has the best playing surface. If the provinces could provide better facilities than Wembley then presumably cup finals would be held there.

Far from complaining about having to visit London to see their teams in action in cup finals, most of the provincial supporters I have spoken to seem to enjoy it and make it a real day out.—A. DAWSON, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

Royal Herdsman

As the foreman at Richmond Park who was hit by a panicking deer ("Guardian of the Royal Herd," JOHN BULL, April 14), I can vouch for the danger of these animals when they are alarmed. But David Millwood's account was incorrect. The collision was unavoidable.

I was one of a line of men closing in cautiously on a group of deer, two of which we wanted to capture for transfer to another park. Shouts from some visitors who had wandered into the paddock where we were working caused the deer to panic. They turned and rushed towards us. I ducked as a large buck leaped over my head and had no time to avoid a doe which was following.

Before coming to Richmond Park in 1954, I worked for five years as chief forester at Hackwood Park, the late Lord Camrose's estate in Hampshire. There, I often had to help the gamekeepers to round up deer which had broken into the tree plantations by boring through the wire mesh with their horns. We knew it was useless to try to drive them out by the gate: they are too suspicious of man-made openings. The only solution was to enlarge the hole, drive them through, then repair the fence. —ARTHUR VERNEY, Richmond Park, Surrey.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A vivid new real-life series
(SEE PAGE 21)

An eight-page detachable supplement
(SEE PAGE 45)

Fair Claim

It would be difficult for a garage to inflate charges for repairs carried out under insurance claims ("Free Speech," May 5).

Before an insurance company sanctions repairs it is paying for, it will send along an engineer who vets it and agrees the amount quoted by the repairer concerned. I am sure an inflated estimate sent against a claim would soon be noticed.—J. MINERS, Blandford Forum, Dorset.

"It is true that, usually, an insurance company approves work, if possible, before it is carried out," says an insurance expert. "But even if not, most companies deal with large numbers of repair claims and are familiar with costs. They would soon query any abnormally high charge."

No Charge

After my experience two years ago in France, I was interested to read about British Railways' charge for

returning a lost briefcase ("Free Speech," May 5).

I was travelling from Lannion, in Brittany, to Paris, when I discovered that I had left a valuable writing case on the station platform. From Paris I telephoned back along the line and was told the case would be sent on, and it arrived by train some hours later. The guard said that there would be no charge; returning it was a matter of courtesy. — B. WEBSTER, Eccleshall, Sheffield, 11.

"Sometimes—for example, when the journey is not too long and the parcel is not too heavy—no charge is made," say French Railways. "This is up to the station master. But normally there is a fee."

Enough Incentives

People who are so concerned about the merits and demerits of "incentives to save" seem to be completely out of touch with reality.

For the average citizen, incentives have always existed—the desire to save for a new home for example; to protect the family by insuring adequately against the death of the breadwinner; to give the children a good start in life; and to set aside a little extra for the years of retirement.

But galloping taxation decrees that money is not available to save—and all the incentives in the world cannot alter this deplorable fact.—S. E. W., Bath, Somerset.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

AND now, the last lesson of the day—on the way home. A fashion shop window is the classroom and feminine instinct is the highly successful teacher, But this summer it's a more pointed lesson than usual because fashion has gone girlish; blazers and candy stripes are all the rage—and Heseltine's fourth formers are still very obviously fourth formers. It just proves that there's more to growing up than frills and flounces; girls find fashion as tormenting as exams—which, come to think of it, will be taking their minds off elegance in a few weeks' time.

I started by looking for a blue bowl...

AND SEE WHAT I FOUND!

The day my dream came true!
I never imagined one could match colours like this till I saw this bright, gay kitchenware made from 'Alkathene'! Now I always look for the label!

EVERY ONE OF THEM

CARRIED THIS LABEL!

MADE FROM ALKATHENE ICI POLYTHENE

IT'S EASY to match bright, gay colours when you buy housewares made from 'Alkathene'. And you're not limited to one colour. There's a rainbow of lovely shades to choose from!

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Bright, long-lasting 'Alkathene' has a smooth hygienic surface that cleans easily in soapy water. It takes the noise out of washing-up! Lots of lovely things are made from 'Alkathene' by many manufacturers. Whichever brand you choose, look for the label that says 'Alkathene'.

It's light! It's bright!

It's made from **'ALKATHENE'**

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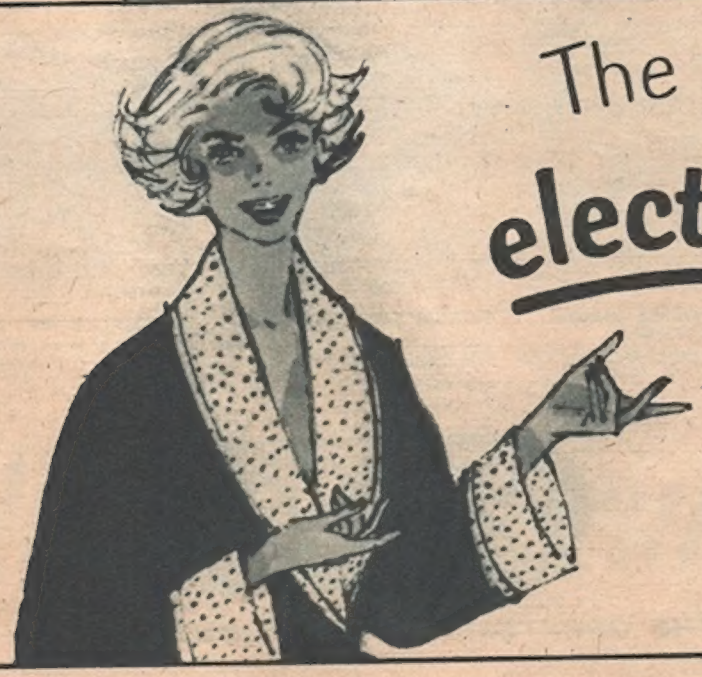

The family with

electric water heating!

An electric water heating system provides all the hot water you want with no trouble at all. And it's wonderfully cheap to run.

For information and advice on the best kind of water heating for your needs the place to go is your

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Issued by the Electrical Development Association

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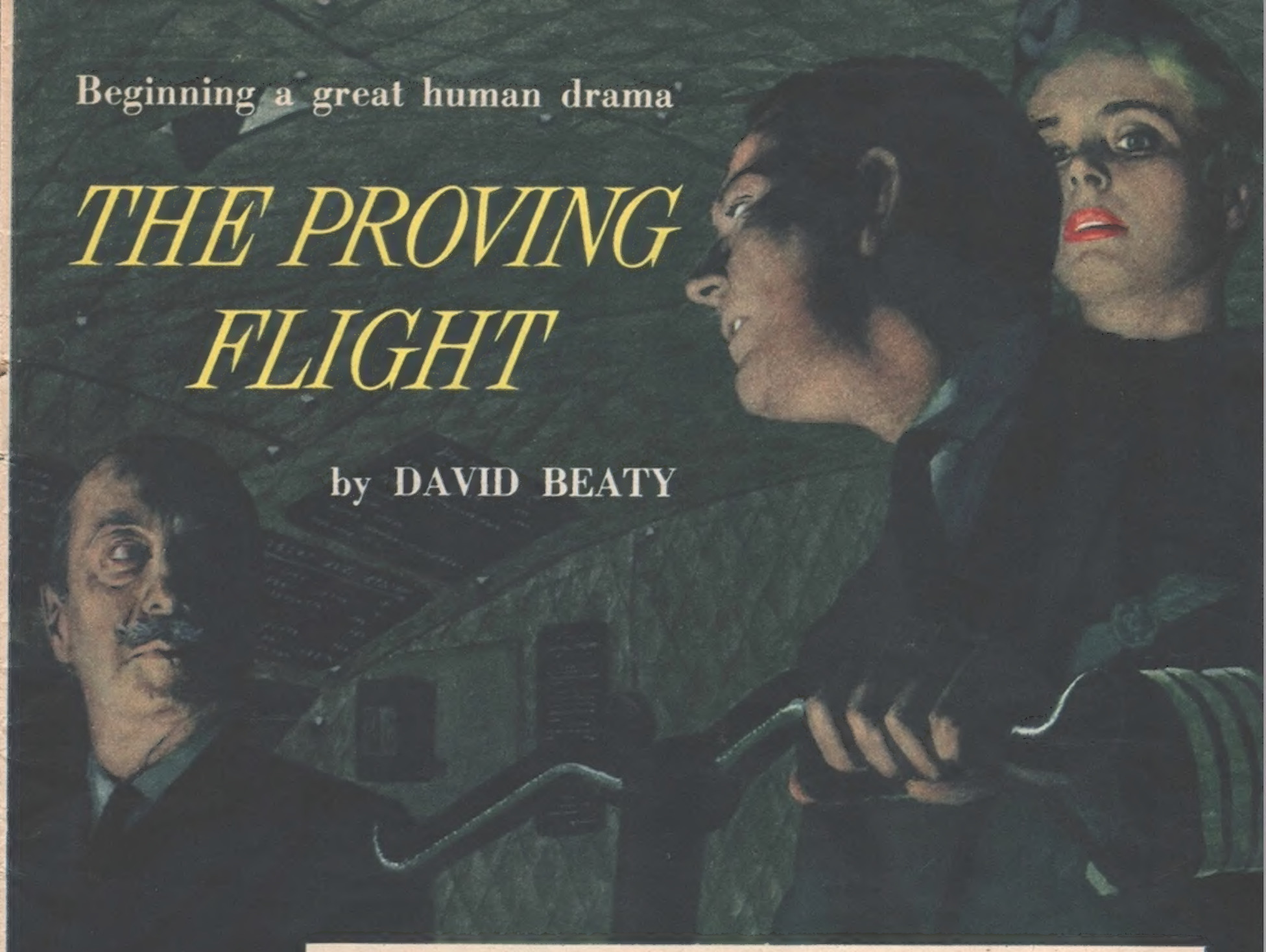
THE PROVING FLIGHT

by DAVID BEATY



Captain Bellamy had made up his mind—and ignored the advice. If he was wrong, thirteen people faced death

BELLAMY moved the control column to the left. Obediently the Emperor turned port on to the final approach. Then the plane dropped her legs cautiously and left the dark sky with a whine of throttled-back engines, a whisper of brakes. Gently, the sound of the tyres on the runway grew softer and softer, until at last, wobbling her tail with a self-satisfied little flourish, she turned off into the dimly-lit maze of the taxi-track which would eventually lead her back to the huge hangar near the Staines Road.

Inside the cockpit, the crew turned the lights up a little. They shone down on to a small, rather cramped cave in which five men were working. Captain Bellamy, sitting in the left-hand driving seat, let his eyes shift for a second from steering the aircraft, and glanced back at the engineer behind him.

"Mr. Rawlings!"

"Sir?"

"You've started the air-test report?"

The bald pink head of the engineer inclined in a formidable affirmative. "I have, sir! I have!"

"Controls and boosters seem all right. All anti-icing and de-icing equipment serviceable. Lights okay. My instruments are working well, but—" Bellamy turned towards the man sitting beside him, separated by the two-foot-wide box between them— "your artificial horizon is acting up, isn't it?"

The young face of First Officer James Seawood suddenly jerked into life. "Yes, sir . . . definitely . . . my horizon, sir. No good at all."

Hooper chipped in with: "All radios okay," and Southwaite made a laconic comment that the Loran, the black box of radar tricks that could give them accurate positions way out in the Atlantic, was unserviceable.

"All right, all right!" Rawlings irritably licked the stub of pencil. "One at a time, *please*. Now, Vic——"

Airily unconcerned with this human picking of holes in her, the Emperor glided out of the darkness towards the lighted hangar. She was a

Lalette felt the tense hush of the cockpit. Bellamy was saying in a low, angry voice: "I had the idea I was in command"

curious shape for an aeroplane. Her undercarriage legs were very short, almost as if they had given way under her seventy tons, but to make up for this her tail soared to heaven with a graceful majesty that riveted all attention to her rear. The swept-back wings, in which her fuel was stored, were surprisingly small for her size.

This was the newest, the biggest and the most unusual dream of British aeronautical manufacturers; the only aeroplane, according to her makers, capable of *always* operating non-stop, London-New York, against the heavy head winds of the Atlantic.

The Emperor slid finally to a stop beside a tractor. Bellamy called over his shoulder: "Shut them down," and from his awesome array of levers Rawlings selected four with red-topped handles and slammed them forward. The engines gave a creak of protest, the propellers free-wheeled round eighteen complete turns. Then all four stopped together.

Bellamy leaned over the engineer's shoulder. "Satisfied?"

"Well. . . ." Rawlings's blunt pencil left the air-test report again and swept over the innocent instruments. "They're reading okay . . . no roughness. Power's there. Everything *must* be all right, sir."

Ignoring the crust of doubt round the engineer's voice, Bellamy said: "Good! Looks like we're all set for the proving flight tomorrow. . . ."

FROM the Air Endeavours operations office shortly afterwards that evening, the telephone gave the good news to the other Britons destined to accompany the crew over the Atlantic on the proving flight.

Captain Cavendish was the first one informed. As soon as he heard the news in his home at Ascot, he demanded: "Has *everyone* been told?"

"Well, Captain Bellamy and his crew know, of course, sir. And now we're——"

"You mean Captain Bellamy and *my* crew!"

"Of course, sir!" Hastily the operations officer corrected himself. "I'm sorry, sir. Captain Bellamy and *your* crew. And now we're getting in touch with the others."

Mr. Cruttwell, the designer of the Emperor's mighty turbo-prop engines, was the first civilian technician to be told. "Going tomorrow?" he said, surprised. "I was under the impression they were going to give the controls system another going over."

But the operations officer wasn't qualified to comment on that. He continued with his telephoning. By the time Bellamy came into the operations office, Captain Payton, the tentative line manager of Air Endeavours, Mr. Eastlake, chief designer of the Emperor's airframe, Al Riley, the public relations officer, Chief Steward Hamilton and the two stewardesses, Miss Angela Knight and Miss Lalette Greenacres had all been warned. So had Mr. Brocklehurst, the undersecretary, who would also be accompanying the flight.

The operations officer looked up from his list. "Oh, Captain Bellamy—there's a message for you, sir. The chairman wants you to report to his home, sir. As soon as possible."

"Say why?"

"I rather gather he wanted a personal account of the air-test."

"Hell!" Bellamy said. He stood for a moment in the doorway, a thickset, square-looking figure, with his coat collar turned up against the damp and cold. Then, turning abruptly on his heel, he made his way out to his car.

He left the airport and nosed into the London-bound stream. At Hammersmith, the sight of a telephone box reminded him that he'd have to let the stewardess know he wouldn't be looking in at her party. . . .

The first arrival at Lalette Greenacres' party was the other stewardess, Angela Knight. She followed Lalette into the bedroom and took off

Acidly, Bellamy cut in on Sir James's confidences. "I'm not interested," he said, "in fulfilling publicity claims"

her coat. In the mirror, she re-powdered her face and combed her hair.

"Just had it set?" Lalette asked, watching the dark sleek waves fall prettily into place. "Looks very nice," she added politely.

"Well, it's a special occasion, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's special, all right!" Lalette patted her own short curls.

"I hope I'm not too early" Angela said stiffly. They neither of them knew each other very well. And now they were to be thrown together for a week, on an enterprise of importance and among a varied and rather difficult selection of men.

Both of the girls stared for a moment thoughtfully at the other's reflection in the mirror, sizing her up as friend or foe. Then, simultaneously, they both became aware of the other's eyes and smiled.

"Would you like to come in the lounge and have a drink before the others come?" Lalette asked.

"Who are you expecting?"

"I'm expecting whoever comes." In the other room Lalette poured out sherry for them both. She said: "D'you know any of this crew . . . well?"

"Captain Bellamy has taken me out several times," Angela said slowly. "If that's what you mean. We have . . . well, quite a number of tastes in common."

"Nice for you! What did you do?"

"Oh, the usual things that one *does* do. Dinner and the theatre. And a concert once."

"In London?"

"Yes. But we did a trip together to Montreal. And there I took him to see some friends of Daddy's." Angela smiled. "They liked him tremendously. They were English, of course. Ex-army like Daddy. They wrote and said they thought he'd go far. I think he will, too."

"And does Daddy?"

"From what he's heard, yes. But of course they haven't met. We haven't got around to that yet!" She clasped her hands in front of her. "But he does seem . . . what shall I say? . . . reliable and hard working and——"

"Deadly dull!" Lalette finished for her.

"Don't you like him?" Angela's eyes widened in surprise. "I thought he was quite a friend of your family or something."

"He was in the R.A.F. with my brother. And I don't *really* think he's deadly dull." Lalette paused. "It's just that you make him sound so."

"I'm sorry *you* don't like the qualities that I like in him. I find——"

Lalette was just going to cut in when the other guests arrived. The party began, and half an hour later it was in full swing.

Lalette, busily playing hostess, didn't know how long the phone had been ringing when she first heard it. She picked up the receiver. Andrew Bellamy's voice at the other end sounded faintly exasperated. "Look, Lalette, I'm awfully sorry, but——"

"You can't make it, eh?" Her voice sounded light and pleasant, but she frowned at the receiver and bit her lip.

"I'm afraid I'm about to be tied up at the chairman's. Terribly sorry, Lalette! Have a good time and all that. Oh, and don't keep the boys too late."

"I'm sorry too, Andrew," she said flatly.

"And Lalette . . . apologize to Angela, would you?"

"Apologize for what, Andrew?" Lalette said gently. "That you can't come to *my* party?"

"Yes. I said I'd see her there. Thanks Lalette. That's fine, if you would. Good night."

"Good night," she said softly to the empty receiver. "Good night. Sleep well. . . ."

After he had phoned, Bellamy drove on to the chairman's house in Mayfair. The party there was sumptuously under way by the time he was announced.

Sir James Joliffe, chairman of Air Endeavours, both fat, competent hands outstretched in welcome, came striding across from the other side of the room.

"Come!" he said, with a bubbling heartiness. This was *his* man, a young man with ability and a sense of duty. Recognizing both, Sir James had not even troubled to consider the second commandment in the Book of Pilots—seniority. Way above his seniors, this man had been promoted chief training captain as the chairman's instinctive choice for the right man for the job. "Now I want you to meet everyone . . . we've all been waiting for this moment."

HIS voice smoothly split open the groups of two and three. Noble names, influential in business, in flying, or in finance, were exchanged for the down-to-earth, unknown one of Andrew Bellamy.

Then Sir James took Bellamy into the library. "There are a few things I'd like to talk over," he said. "But the air-test was a great success, Bellamy?"

"Everything important worked, sir."

"Excellent! So now we're all set to go?"

"Yes."

"Everybody on the top line for the trip?"

Bellamy said dryly: "Operating crew looks fit enough."

"Fine . . . fine! All just like me . . . rarin' to go." Sir James's eyes left the pilot's face and looked up at the ceiling, where the golden future was painted. "It'll be years before any other company can get hold of Emperors. We'll have a clear field on the Atlantic. And think of the loads!"

He went on to talk enthusiastically of the programme for the proving flight, the send-off ceremony, the welcome that might be expected in New York and later in Bermuda. But gradually, as the conversation proceeded, he began to notice that Bellamy today was showing a regrettable lack of response.

As he talked, he searched his mind for a

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

reason. The pilots had been piqued that their advice was not called for in the Emperor's design. Perhaps it was that—just another of those difficulties that had cropped up during the Emperor's building. There had been many others: fights between airframe designer and engine designer; trouble over this, trouble over that—the suggestion only yesterday from the factory that they should postpone the proving flight to fit the almost completed Mark II hydraulic booster cylinders.

In all those times the chairman's confidence had blown away the fog so that everyone could see the way he wanted things done. He'd given out. They'd given in.

He was still giving out today. With his bright eyes flashing out energy like electricity, he was just saying: "And all this publicity we've got——" when Bellamy suddenly interrupted. The pilot, his eyes on the newspaper open on the chairman's desk, said: "I'm interested tomorrow in seeing what she can do, sir. Not in fulfilling her publicity claims."

So that was it. Sir James had seen Bellamy's attention wander to the large picture of the Emperor in the paper, with at one side a photograph of the chairman—and on the other, an impressive portrait of Captain Cavendish.

"We're very fortunate," he said, "in having a pilot of Captain Cavendish's reputation coming along with us tomorrow."

Bellamy said nothing and Sir James was satisfied he'd hit the nail on the head. Two captains would be on board tomorrow, partly to lessen fatigue, mostly to fit in with the chairman's publicity plan.

Bellamy was at his prime as a pilot, but he was unknown. Cavendish was a household name, but he had passed his flying prime a very long time ago. Adept at picking out the assets in a man, Sir James intended to get the best out of both generations. . . .

"Well . . . I think that's the lot, Bellamy," Sir James said. "Unless you've got anything to add?"

"Nothing, sir."

They went back to the party. Outwardly the chairman's manner was unchanged, but now his mind was chewing over two new facts that he had just learned.

Bellamy resented Cavendish's appearance in the Emperor's crew. More important still, Bellamy was not so much *his* man as Sir James had supposed. . . .

Next afternoon, subdued excitement encircled London Airport. Traffic thickened all along the Great West Road, flowing towards the airport gates. Extra guards were on duty. Aviation's aristocrats, the Very Important Persons, were

Continued on page 32

"I hope I'm not too early," she said stiffly. Lalette, powdering her chin, was sizing her up—as friend or foe

Mrs. Payne's gay whirl of parties

by REX GRIZELL

Diplomats and débutantes depend on her catering at their most brilliant functions. But behind the glamour lies hard work in a basement kitchen

Evelyn Payne offers savouries she made to Nigeria's Prime Minister, left, and Dame Margot Fonteyn

At a recent diplomatic party, politicians of many nations gathered round as the guest of honour, a Russian V.I.P., prepared to cut an enormous cake decorated with the flags of Britain, France, the United States and the U.S.S.R. Newspaper photographers held their cameras at the ready. Just as the Russian was about to pick up the knife, a distinguished-looking Englishwoman stepped discreetly forward and turned the cake round.

"I had realized that the Russian flag was away from the cameras and would appear at the back in the photograph," says Evelyn Payne, society caterer and party specialist, who had supplied the cake and a variety of epicurean food and drink for the party.

An American diplomat saw the point of Mrs. Payne's action, and noticed that the American flag had been moved to the back. He casually gave the cake another turn. The Russian frowned, and the situation was beginning to deteriorate as Mrs. Payne stepped forward again, handing him the knife with one hand and turning the cake slightly with the other. "The Union Jack finished at the back, but as we were the hosts it was the best thing."

Evelyn Payne, a blonde, forty-seven year old Yorkshirewoman, caters for up to forty parties every week, at from ten to a thousand guineas each—"my order book reads like a page of Debrett." Her clients include famous society hostesses, members of the Royal circle, cabinet ministers, foreign embassies, great industrial and professional organizations, famous public schools, film and stage stars and executives, and wealthy tourists.

At a party given in Park Lane by an American, Mrs. Payne's charge for food alone was seven guineas a head. At the close of another she noted nine ambassadors queueing for their hats and coats.

Mrs. Payne regards every big party as a separate challenge and her native Yorkshire stubbornness does not allow her to be influenced by wealth or reputation. A high official of an international airline, a man who prides himself on his knowledge of food, was so impressed by the dip—garlic-flavoured cream cheese placed in a hollowed-out cabbage heart, into which guests dip bread or vegetables—which had been provided by Mrs. Payne, that he wrote three times to the host asking for the recipe. Mrs. Payne keeps her recipes a strict secret and it was not until she received a pleading letter from the host, saying that the recipe was the final condition of his obtaining a very large contract, that she relented and sent it to him.

Mrs. Payne works at high pressure all the year round and sometimes has to get extra help for her team of a dozen regulars. On the morning of last year's rugby football match between Oxford and Cambridge she catered for five luncheon parties. She is always particularly busy on Boat Race night, during Ascot week, at Henley and all through society's London season, beginning with spring presentations at Court.

Society hostesses giving parties or dances for their débutante daughters often book Mrs. Payne's services months ahead. Last November the wife of a film producer asked her to cater for a "small" dance at the end of next July. Mrs. Payne will be supplying a 6 a.m. breakfast of bacon and eggs, kippers and kedgeree for 375 people.

Most of Mrs. Payne's large parties are booked equally far in advance, but some people are less considerate. The day before one party the débutante for whom it was being given rang up to say that she would be wearing a dress of "shocking pink" and that "all the flowers must, simply must, match it." Early next morning Mrs. Payne scoured Covent Garden for enough pinks, roses and carnations in the right shade.

For many of her parties she buys flowers by the basketful; the bill for flowers alone is sometimes as much as sixty guineas. Her husband, Charles Payne, says that she can transform the dullest-looking room with a floral buffet and artistically arranged food. "Display of food is vitally important," says Mrs. Payne. "I strive to make a still life of it."

One summer weekend Mrs. Payne had already undertaken the catering for a two-day cricket match between two great public schools, and the catering and décor for a magnificent coming-of-age party at an Oxfordshire manor, for which a dance floor had been specially laid in an Elizabethan barn, when she received a telephone call from a débutante whose family are among her best customers. The girl asked sweetly if Mrs. Payne could bring some food for "a small party."

Used to aristocratic understatement, Mrs. Payne was cautious, but soon found herself committed to supply at a few days' notice all the food for a sumptuous weekend party. On Saturday she was to provide lunch for a hundred, tea for eighty and dinner for seventy. And a cold lunch for "about a hundred" on Sunday.

"Then in the afternoon," said the débutante, "the village will come to tea. We usually give them strawberries and cream, and then there's tea for the two cricket teams. Then we want a champagne cocktail party, and we'll finish off with dinner for seventy, latish on Sunday evening."

To handle this situation, Mrs. Payne divided her staff into three teams, and kept four vehicles coming and going over three counties. Her husband covered more than a thousand miles in one of the cars. The first team left at the crack of dawn on Friday for Winchester; Mrs. Payne returned to Knightsbridge at five-thirty on Monday morning.

Mrs. Payne, who has often done the engagement, wedding and christening parties for the same families, attends about half of the larger functions she caters for. "There isn't a woman living who has organized as many parties as I have."

All her girl assistants call her "Mother" and Mr. Payne "Pop," a fact which led to an embarrassing moment during a party at a Middle

Shopping for the parties she organizes takes up much of Mrs. Payne's time. She is up early in the morning to go to her fishmonger's in Chelsea, and to buy flowers at Covent Garden

Eastern embassy. Late in the evening Mrs. Payne was approached by an expensively dressed man wearing several diamond rings, who said, "Mrs. Payne, you have so many beautiful daughters, surely we can come to some arrangement?"

According to one of the girls who was present, Mrs. Payne took it as a joke, but for the rest of the evening, whenever the man attempted to speak to one of them, Mrs. Payne appeared as if by magic before he could utter a sentence.

Her work brings her into close contact with the great, and Mrs. Payne often has important news long before it appears in the newspapers. "It may be anything from the sale of a submarine to the latest likely divorce," she says. She was once approached by an American woman journalist who tried to get inside information about a Royal romance. "She pretended to be drunk, but she didn't fool me."

In the basement of her small shop in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, Mrs. Payne has created a white-painted red-tiled kitchen like that of a modern farmhouse. Strings of onions and garlic and bunches of herbs hang from the ceiling, and there are potted geraniums on the window sill. Large earthenware farmhouse bread crocks are used for storing salads from the market.

Her cooking is done on two large domestic gas cookers with aluminium utensils, though she keeps a few copper pans for special dishes. For small parties she dispatches the finished dish piping hot, and often sends the customer a Swiss-type hotplate to keep the food warm; as a rule delivery is by taxi. For larger parties, which may be in the country, she prepares the food in her kitchen, and then takes everything to the house and completes the meal in the hostess's kitchen.

Frequently, Mrs. Payne supplies Continental dishes and has become an expert on them. She usually cooks them herself. Nevertheless, she is a staunch believer in English food, and what she calls the old English style of cooking. She uses the best of everything in season, gives plenty of time to a dish, and forbids gadgets and "anything artificial" in the kitchen. "If you rely on your hands, whatever talent you have will come out in the food," she says.

Much of the food Mrs. Payne supplies is of an exotic nature, but for everything she leaves the preparation to the latest possible time to ensure absolute freshness. In a morning and afternoon recently she prepared two thousand canapés, all of them smoked salmon or caviar, for a party the same evening. For small parties she often does not begin until a few hours before the party.

At four-thirty one afternoon she was ready to leave for a party to be given by a distinguished surgeon, when the telephone rang.

"What the devil are you doing?" shouted the surgeon. "I've never known anything like it. Here am I about to give a party, and absolutely nothing has been done. The place is like a morgue."

Mrs. Payne asked calmly what time was named on the invitations.

"Six o'clock," snapped the surgeon.

"I want you to come to me at a quarter to six. I shall be in your house. If you feel any obligation, I shall expect you to apologize," said Mrs. Payne. Before the guests arrived the surgeon came to the kitchen with a bottle of champagne. "Mrs. Payne, I was wrong," he said. "I grovel at your feet."

EVELYN PAYNE began party catering several years ago from her home near the New Forest. A guest at one of the parties asked her if she would supply the food for a literary party to be given at Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, Fleet Street.

She worked all night and loaded everything into two cars the next day and drove to London. In Piccadilly Circus her old car broke down, causing a twenty-minute traffic jam while everything was loaded into a taxi. "It was my first London party and the only one I've very nearly been late for."

But it was such a success that she decided to move her business to London. She began from a tiny basement in Kensington. For a time, at the beginning, things went so badly for her that she came near to eating her stock on several occasions.

One day she displayed a packed lunch priced at 1s. 6d., "though it was worth much more." British Railways asked her to supply the lunches in gross lots.

"I could not afford to refuse the order and I could not afford to pay help to prepare them," says Mrs. Payne. For three months she worked all through the night, four nights a week, to meet the orders. And every day she kept the shop open.

Food is prepared by Mrs. Payne in her own kitchen. To ensure freshness she leaves it to the last possible moment

Gradually her party business grew from small private dinner parties to huge industrial gatherings. She still does dinner parties for some of the most famous people in the country.

One woman asked Mrs. Payne to deliver the food at seven-fifteen precisely, though dinner was not until 8 p.m. Mrs. Payne suggested that it would be better to leave it until later in case it became dry in the oven.

"Oh, no!" said the woman. "My husband comes in at seven-thirty. It must not clash with him."

"He thinks she's a marvellous cook," says Mrs. Payne. "The woman is very well known and frequently entertains members of the Royal Family, but it's my cooking she takes the credit for." THE END

The Masai stage a charge of death

by LEWIS COTLOW

Over the hill they came, waving spears and screaming wildly. It was just the picture I wanted—until I saw that they weren't acting

NOWHERE in the world is there a place like Africa for the study of the human race in all its diversity of shape, colour, size and features, and in the infinite variety of dress, decoration, architecture, art, religion, morals and manners.

It contains more racial groups and languages than any other continent—perhaps more than all other continents combined. If you were to spend just one week with each distinct tribe in Africa, you would be visiting for more than eight years. But there are few tribes today that are not changing—and changing fast.

Even between my first two African expeditions—in 1937 and 1946—there were great changes. I found on my second trip, for instance, that the young mothers among the Mangbetu tribe no longer bound their babies' heads, and the teenage Babira girls wore no lip discs—at least in those villages in close contact with the outside world.

We envoys from civilization tend to judge the different tribes from our own standards, even though these have no validity for anyone but ourselves. I liked some tribes far more than others, found some more interesting than others, and by my standards thought that some were more intelligent and cultured. But I would not expect many Africans to agree with me.

I like the Wagenia, for example, because the

Explorers have called the Masai "the bravest of the brave," because of their fearless hunting tactics. When Cotlow watched their war dance, some men went into a fit of frenzy

Mangbetu women are gracious and dignified. They wear colourful fibre bustles, and may spend three days in pinning up their hair. The practice of binding the heads of babies is now almost extinct, says Cotlow

men have just about the most magnificent physiques I have ever seen, because they display such skill, courage and joy in their unique method of fishing and because I obtained some good shots among them.

The Wagenia village I visited is just outside Stanleyville, on the shore near the cataracts of the Congo. It was startling to find a primitive tribe living in its age-old fashion so near a thriving, modern city. But the Wagenia are proud people, fond of fishing, swimming and canoeing.

During my 1946 visit I made arrangements for accompanying the men on one of their daily visits to the fish traps at the cataracts. The fish that the Wagenia catch make delicious eating. The chief kind is the *capitaine* or Kisangala, a form of the Nile perch. This grows quite large, the record being about 280 pounds. Catfish are also snagged in Wagenia traps, and these may run to as much as two hundred pounds.

On the morning I started filming, about 150 men and sixty boys appeared—many more than I could use. But in high spirits we set out for the long, high-sided dugout canoes. From the shore I could see the white foam at the cataract upstream. The Congo narrows a little at this point, but it is still a mighty river with a tremendous volume of water pouring over the ten-foot rocky ledge.

Out in the midst of the torrent I could see a network of poles holding the traps. I was told that the Wagenia fishermen repair and fix the poles during the dry season, when the river trickles over the ledge. The traps themselves vary in size; they are conical, made of saplings and lianas, and hang just below the water surface. As the water pours over the rocky cataract, it races with great force through the lattice-like traps; any fish that are swept in are held there by the current.

I climbed into a dugout with about eighteen men and one sturdy Wagenia delegated to keep me from falling overboard. I needed holding, too, for I had both hands on my camera, trying to keep it steady in the tossing craft.

A quarter of a mile below the ledge the water was more turbulent, rushing here, swirling in a small eddy there. My protector wrapped both arms tightly about my waist and held on, but I felt that I would be pitched overboard at any time.

I was in far greater danger as we came nearer the cataract, but by that time I was so excited by the boiling foam of the falls and the increasing efforts of the paddlers that I forgot to be frightened.

It seemed that we scarcely moved ahead, despite the grunting lunges of the canoe team. But we crept up to the traps until the first paddler grabbed a pole, looped a tough liana around it to hold the dugout, and yelled back to the others to relax.

For about half a minute the crew rested, then the men dived one by one into the cataract to search the traps for fish. They held on to the poles, the lianas and the traps, but the rushing waters tugged at them with fury. One man within ten feet of me slipped, and I caught a glimpse of him hurtling past. But he grabbed the side of the next dugout, pulled himself up to the traps and went back to work.

I saw two or three others go under in my half-hour at the falls, but all saved themselves and kept on working. Never have I seen men swim so well or handle themselves so expertly in water against such great odds. Occasionally, I hear, a fisherman loses his grip and can't find another handhold. He goes tearing down the river at about forty miles an hour, darting around boulders and rocky islands. He doubles himself in a ball for the worst waterfalls, then straightens out and finally swims to shore a couple of miles below. Almost never does a Wagenia fisherman lose his life in the river.

The man at the bow of the dugout, my protector and I were the only men left in our craft. I tried to take pictures of the fishermen in the water pulling up the traps and extracting the fish, but I could not hold the camera steady enough.

I saw a small rock about four feet across near the bow of the canoe. It was a foot or so above the water most of the time and although wet with spray never seemed to be completely submerged. It was a perfect spot for shooting pictures of the Wagenia fishers.

Shouting above the roar of the cataract and gesturing also, I finally made the men understand that I wanted to get out on to the rock. They helped me to the bow of the dugout and over the side. The spray stung my face, the water rushed over my feet, but I managed to capture some good shots.

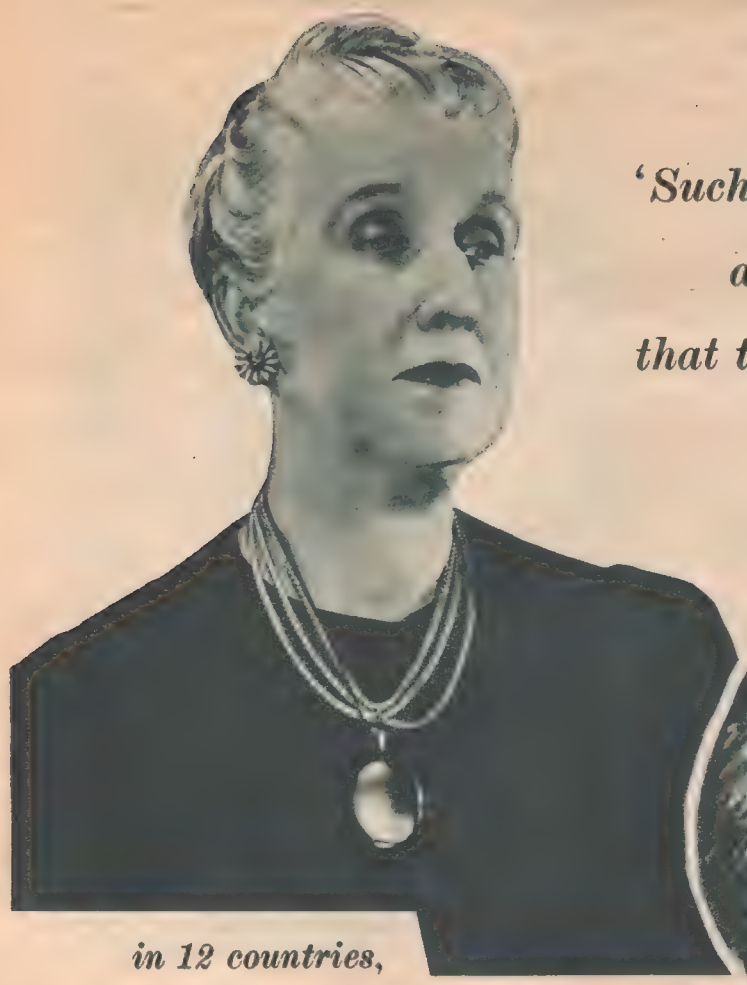
I had stationed a cameraman with a telephoto lens on the shore, but unfortunately he was unable to film me perched precariously on the rock, and what would have made a thrilling sequence was lost.

One of the hazards of filming action of this kind is that there can be no retakes, especially of the most dangerous and exciting events. Picture-making is less difficult among tribes whose chief occupations are not quite so active or hazardous. Outstanding among these are the Mangbetu, a tribe of Sudanese origin now found mainly in the north-east corner of the Belgian Congo.

The architecture and metalwork of the Mangbetu are beautiful, but I was attracted by their women, who have more appeal than any women of the primitive tribes I have seen.

Perhaps part of this appeal comes from the *nekbwe*, an oversize fan, or undersize chair seat, worn like a bustle. When Mangbetu women dance—a sedate and rather quiet dance—the *nekbwe* twitches and shifts slightly with every movement, with a most alluring effect. This is enhanced by the *nekbwe* itself, which is usually very pretty, being made of woven fibres in colourful designs. But it cannot be the *nekbwe* alone that makes Mangbetu women so attractive, for I saw many of them without this ornament and they were very appealing, too. They have grace and dignity, as do the women of the Watussi, but there is also a warmth and friendliness.

Perhaps Mangbetu men find their women as attractive as I did, for polygamy is practised by those who can afford it. The tribal chiefs have



'Such a nice head of hair when he was a boy: I really must get him to use that tonic Charles told me about in Paris . . .'

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from thirty to four hundred wives, and other prosperous men often have more than one.

On my first two trips I found many examples of the characteristic by which the Mangbetu are best known—their long heads. During the first years of its life, the head of a Mangbetu baby is bound with raffia, forcing the skull to grow up and back into a not unattractive extended oval. Doctors say that this alteration of nature's intentions has no bad effect on the brain, but it gives the eyes an oriental slant.

Mangbetu women accentuate the length of their heads by arranging their hair in a kind of halo or crown, fixed with small ivory or silver pins. It is the most dramatic coiffure I have seen, and takes at least three days to prepare.

The Mangbetu are fine artists, musicians and dancers. In the little village of Gata, far enough from civilization to have remained unspoiled, I saw dancing and heard music that I will never forget. The Mangbetu are also fine choral singers—a rare talent among primitive tribes—and their orchestras boast many instruments, from drums of varied shapes, covered with antelope skin, to a kind of crude violin. The rhythm section included wooden clappers, rattles made of closely woven fibres with pebbles inside, and a long stick with a cluster of bells on one end.

The music produced by this assembly was loud, exciting, feverish and infectious. Certainly the dancers grew more spirited the longer it went on. Suddenly a very fat man, weighing more than twenty stone, broke into the circle and with surprising agility danced for several minutes. In spite of the ludicrousness of the spectacle, there was something graceful and impassioned in this human hippo's dancing. . . .

The Turkana love dancing and were eager to help in Cotlow's films. When work ended on one scene they carried on dancing until late in the night

Cotlow made three trips to Africa, and noticed great changes each time he went back. Among many tribes, primitive customs are rapidly disappearing

THE king of the famous Bakuba tribe was almost as fat as my Mangbetu dancer, and not nearly so happy. The Bakuba are a Bantu tribe living in the south central part of the Congo, in the Kasai region. They are well known because of their art work which has been collected more by museums and connoisseurs in Europe and America than that of any other tribe.

Their carvings and sculpture are astonishingly beautiful; the designs in their cloth woven of raffia, their mats and even the raffia walls of their houses are colourful, imaginative and quite modern in feeling; their embroidery—a rare art among African tribes—is intricate and worked in a most delicate fashion.

The Bakuba love colourful ornaments—beads, feathers, metal pins, rings and bracelets. The king wears more than anyone else on his capacious body, but he also wears, most of the time, an expression of great weariness and boredom. He is so restricted by custom and tradition that he can scarcely move. When he sits down he must sit on the back of a kneeling slave. His feet are not supposed to touch the earth, so he walks on mats strewn before him, or is carried in a litter. As a sign of his royalty and divinity he must wear two metal rings on his right big toe. . . .

When I visited Carr Hartley's big animal farm on the slopes of Mount Kenya in 1954 to take sequences for my film *Zanzabuku*, I also took pictures of some migrant Turkana tribesmen who were living in the area, in anticipation of my trip to their remote territory. It was a long haul into the Northern Frontier Province and across the desert that separates Turkana from the rest of Kenya.

Turkana is not much better than desert country, arid, rocky, barren of all but scrub growth for most of its area. People living in a land like this must be herdsmen, for they cannot grow enough to turn to settled agriculture, and wild animals are scarce.

In spite of their hard life, the Turkana people are friendly, co-operative and seemed quite happy. Each young man carries a long spear, and often two, and on his left wrist is slung a little wooden stool to sit on by day and to act as a head-rest to protect his precious coiffure when sleeping at night.

We finally reached Lodwar, the administrative centre for Turkana, and moved on to a colourful village nearby. The men and women were so strikingly photogenic that I knew my long trip would prove worth while. They were tall and graceful—most of the men being over six feet. In their perforated lower lips they wore smooth ivory plugs, objects that looked from a distance like new golf balls fixed just below the mouth. Somehow they were attractive, standing out vividly against the reddish-brown skin.

Many men also wore ear-rings, leg-bands and necklaces of wire and beads. They carried graceful spears and rectangular leather shields. I also saw a few wickerwork shields used in stick fights between one Turkana and another. They supposedly use their spears only on animals or enemies.

White and orange head-dresses—usually of ostrich feathers—were the distinguishing marks of the Turkana. They were the crowning glories of elaborate hair-dos, mud-plastered buns on the back of the head. On a tall man all this could be very striking. The women don't go in for such frippery, merely shaving their heads on the sides and twisting what's left into greased

Continued on page 45

The Miracle Man designs for living

by DAVID MILLWOOD

Paralysis need not mean helplessness. Emil Andrae gives new hope to the disabled with his mechanical gadgets

Horace Dyer can only move his head. The "probe" devised by Andrae enables him to turn pages, write and phone with a nod

AT a private school in Surrey one day last year, the pretty young teacher at the blackboard suddenly stopped talking. For no obvious reason she appeared distressed. Her fist clenched and the chalk dropped from her fingers. She sat down at her desk, switched the lesson to dictation without explanation and hid her clenched fist in her lap.

Unknown to her class, the teacher, a French girl in her twenties, suffered from a curious affliction which caused an involuntary contraction of the muscles in the right hand. The spasms occurred irregularly, without warning.

Although not painful, they gave her moments of great discomfort and embarrassment. At a tea party given by the headmaster's wife she dropped, with apparent clumsiness, a valuable cup. At the cinema once, she squeezed out the contents of an ice-cream carton over her dress. Her choice of clothes was governed by pockets —"to hide my hand in when it happens."

The girl's family doctor told her that he could do nothing, but advised her to see a British physiotherapist named Emil Andrae, who has an international reputation as an inventor of aids for disabled people.

Andrae, a fifty-two year old Londoner with a gentle, imperturbable manner, visited the girl at her lodgings. "I can make you something to control the spasms," he told her.

The problem that confronted him was to invent something that would counteract the contraction of all five fingers. It must be light and comfortable, strong and hardwearing. It must be unobtrusive—or it would cause his patient as much embarrassment as the affliction itself.

At his workshop on the second floor of a metal works in Tottenham, North London, Andrae cut five artificial fingers of Perspex one-eighth of an inch thick and fitted them with tiny nuts and bolts at the joints. Using semi-transparent nylon thread, he made five tendons running from the knuckles to the wrist; these he joined to small springs on a metal wristband.

When he showed her the skeleton hand he had made, the girl bristled with alarm. "It will make me look a cripple," she complained. Andrae persuaded her to try it on and suggested that she should wear it only in private until she got used to it. He pointed out that it would be unnoticeable except at close range: the cuff of her blouse or coat would hide the wristband.

A few weeks later, Andrae received a letter. "I am glad I have my extra hand now," he read. "I wear it always. It gives me confidence."

A large proportion of the world's population has some kind of physical handicap—from a useless little finger to total paralysis. "An American doctor recently put it as high as sixty-five to seventy per cent," says Andrae. "My own estimate for Britain is about eight million, or roughly one person in six."

There were 812,602 disabled people registered with the Ministry of Labour at the beginning of 1956, but this figure represents only those whose handicap affects their chances of employment, and does not include children, the aged or infirm or those who, for one reason or another, prefer not to register.

Making aids for disabled people involves a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, physics, mechanical, electrical and sanitary engineering, draughtsmanship, dressmaking, upholstery and metallurgy. "You also need a good deal of patience and common sense," says Andrae. "The simplest answer to a problem is always the best."

A tall, aristocratic looking man with humorous blue eyes, Andrae runs the only firm of its

Andrae helps to overcome eating problems for the disabled with his specially made spoons and forks

type in Europe, devoted exclusively to the invention and manufacture of aids for the disabled. His inventions vary from a combined knife and fork for one-handed people to an electronic "brain" for a totally paralysed polio victim, earning him a nickname as "The Miracle Man." Given the money, Andrae claims he can overcome any disability with a mechanical or electronic device.

Patients with Parkinson's disease at a London hospital were delighted when he promised them writing aids. One of the symptoms of the disease is an uncontrollable shaking of the hands which makes normal writing impossible. Any attempt to control the shake only aggravates it. The appliance Andrae invented consists of two metal plates with springs between. The upper plate fits over the hand; the springs absorb the shake; the lower plate holds the pencil or pen rigid.

Andrae spent a few minutes fitting each patient with a shake-absorber and returned to the ward fifteen minutes later. "They were as excited as school-kids and busy covering sheets of paper with large, rounded letters. Many had not written a word for years."

Limbs useless for years can be made to work again. A mechanical support will give the arm complete movement

LAST summer, Andrae was called to a doctor's home in the Midlands. Twelve months earlier, the doctor's thirty-year-old daughter had caught polio: she was unable to move a muscle in her body other than in her head. Yet she refused to resign herself to a life of inactive misery.

Andrae asked what she would like to do most of all. "It is a question I believe to be psychologically sound. I put it to every patient. If, with my help, they can achieve their first wish, they are often encouraged to try to do more."

In this case, however, the reply shocked him. "I would like to type, so I can answer letters," the paralysed woman told him. "But I would also like to feed myself, to read and sew and to powder my nose when I want to."

With occasional help from a friend who "dabbles in electronics," Andrae invented and made an electronically controlled machine with steel tendons and mechanical joints.

The patient controls it herself with voice tone vibrations: six short words which she speaks into a microphone above her head. The control words themselves—such as "fess," "luff" and "dree"—are meaningless, but they took Andrae and his friend hours of painstaking experiment to compose.

On a word of command her arms are lifted to any position she requires. She does embroidery—"slowly but with beautiful results," says Andrae—by looping the cotton over self-threading needles which have an angled slot in the eye, and then making each stitch with her teeth. She types with her head, picking out the letter on the keyboard of an electric typewriter with a metal probe attached to a headband. The end of the probe unscrews to take a pencil or paintbrush.

"Fortunately," says Andrae, "her father could easily afford the five hundred pounds that this machine cost to make."

Most of Andrae's patients are referred to him by doctors, medical authorities, welfare officers, district nurses, the British Red Cross and other voluntary organizations. He visits each one personally and spends more than half his time travelling up and down the country and occasionally to the Continent.

A few years ago, a London doctor asked Andrae if he could help a middle-aged woman who felt no pain, had no finger movement at all and lived alone. The appliances Andrae made for her include a clamp, operated with the palm of the hand, to hold kitchen utensils; a cutting-board which holds firmly anything from a potato to a sprig of parsley; cutlery with a palm grip, a thermostat to control the heat of her bath water; extra large cooking stove knobs; and a multi-purpose metal rod eight inches long. The rod incorporates a magnet and a U-shaped hook at one end which takes the tops off milk bottles, and grips door keys and zip-fasteners.

For arthritic patients who object to a conspicuous metal contraption for picking up objects from the floor, Andrae makes an unobtrusive claw which fits on a normal walking-stick and is operated by one finger.

Visiting a patient at a city hospital the other week, Andrae asked a nursing sister about a glum-looking old man in the next bed.

"He's got arthritis," she replied, "and can't bend his legs to dress himself."

Andrae returned in a few days with a new invention—a 2 ft. 6 in. rod made of aluminium alloy with a plastic sock shape at one end and a shoe-horn at the other. He also brought a pair of elastic shoelaces. The arthritic patient eagerly mastered the use of the rod and was discharged the next day.

"His rod cost only a few shillings and won't wear out," says Andrae. "His hospital bed cost the nation about twenty pounds a week."

NOT all patients are self-conscious about their disability. An armless ex-soldier in a northern town whom Andrae had just fitted with a pair of artificial arms tried them out for the first time in the public bar of his local pub. He took up a position with his left shoulder against a pillar—the limbs operate by pressure on the opposite shoulder—and ordered two pints of beer, one for Andrae and one for himself.

With everyone in the bar watching, he worked his artificial fingers round the glass, lifted it and toasted Andrae with grateful thanks, then, amid cheers, drank his pint at a draught.

The majority of Andrae's patients cannot afford to pay for the more expensive aids. Rather than refuse to supply them, he spends half his time chivvying officials into action and persuading charitable societies to make grants. "I am hoping to launch a Helping Hand society this year," he says, "to raise money to give me more time for my proper work."

Andrae is married, with three grown-up children, and lives at Palmers Green, a few miles from his workshop. What is today a business with an £8,000 a year turnover—"but precious little profit"—began for him as a hobby arising out of his work as a physiotherapist.

Born in London, of Belgian and German parents, he went to Germany at the age of sixteen, took a job mounting specimens for a natural history museum, then became physical training instructor to an athletic club. Attracted to physical medicine, he studied the subject at Leipzig University, worked for various European doctors and then returned to England in 1929 to practise physiotherapy. He formed his present business, Medico-Therapeutics, Ltd., in 1948, but he has been inventing and making aids for the disabled for thirty years.

Architects call in Andrae sometimes to advise on the design of a house for a disabled person and hospitals employ him to design and equip physiotherapy wards. One hospital recently ordered a special walking aid for a boy of ten who had no idea of distance and no sense of balance: he walks straight into doors and tables.

Andrae made a tubular steel frame with spring buffers back and front. "It turned the lad into a sort of human bumper car."

Revisiting the ward some weeks later, he found an older boy in the frame banging up and down the room with Indian war-whoops. Other children running after him were crying: "It's my go next."

Andrae's "bumper car" had become the ward's favourite toy. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Parents' Day

by ***JOHN DAVIES***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

They were being divorced. But today, for their son's sake, they must pretend to be friends . . .

MR. PROTHERO sat at his study desk and frowned over the letter. "I find now," George Harper wrote, "that I shall be free on Thursday rather earlier than I had expected, and could get along to the school for the evening part of the celebrations. I would very much like to do this, particularly since Geoff will be boxing, and I would be eternally grateful to you, Uncle Edward, if you could give Ann due warning. . . ."

Mr. Prothero shook his head. This business of George's refusing to enter into any communication with his wife was absurd, just as the whole idea of their being divorced was absurd. Mr. Prothero, a confirmed bachelor himself, had very pronounced ideas on divorce. He was of the old school which believed that if people had the temerity to get married, they should stay married, unless there was some insuperable argument to the contrary.

He was prepared to wager that there was no such argument in the case of his niece, Ann, and her husband, George.

He could remember when George Harper had been a boy at the school himself, more years ago than it was pleasant to recall. Rather shaky in his English composition, Mr. Prothero believed, and inclined to be a stubborn, wilful lad. A useful three-quarter, though; and, generally speaking, a nice boy who'd looked like making a reasonably level-headed member of society.

The first intimation that there was trouble between the Harpers was the change in their son Geoffrey, who was a fifteen-year-old in Mr. Prothero's house. The boy had been a normal, well-adjusted lad until about six months ago, when he came back from the Easter holidays in an unhappy, intractable mood.

Mr. Prothero suspected trouble at home, and his suspicions were proved correct half-way through the summer term, when Ann came to call on him.

It had been a lovely summer afternoon, with the drowsy drone of bees in the wistaria outside the study window, and the soft sounds of cricket on Twenty Acre.

"I thought it only right to tell you the truth," Ann said, in a taut, bright voice. "The fact is, Uncle Edward, Geoffrey is going to need someone to take a rather special interest in him now, because"—her voice faltered a little—"because George and I have parted."

It was a moment before Mr. Prothero fully understood what she meant. Then, shocked and embarrassed, he mumbled something quite inadequate to the situation and took temporary refuge in fussing about the tea he had ordered for his niece.

Before she left, Ann told him that a divorce was pending, and he promised unhappily to do what he could for Geoffrey. . . .

It was a tragedy, of course, or it had the makings of one. But, as Mr. Prothero now told himself once more as he stared at George's letter, it was ridiculous too. It was ridiculous to think of these youngsters about to be divorced, and the way they had been behaving over their boy and the school was the last word in sheer stupidity.

In the old days the Harpers had always come along to school functions together, but since the upheaval they had attended separately. A glum, hangdog George was present at the Old Boys' cricket match, while Ann decorated Speech Day rather palely with her doleful little presence. Both looked exceedingly wretched, but neither of them was as unhappy as their son, who tagged around with them in a sort of miserable defiance of the fact that he was one parent short.

Now the climax of the nonsense had come with the muddle that had arisen over Parents' Day. George Harper had been due to come, but found himself unable to and had written asking Mr. Prothero to invite Ann in his stead.

Mr. Prothero had done so—and now there was this letter from George saying that he wanted to come after all, and asking that Ann be put off.

Mr. Prothero had had to mention the matter to the headmaster and, as he expected, Headmaster was singularly unhelpful. With his brilliant science degree, he had a genius for efficient organization, but he was much less happy when dealing with such lamentably unscientific things as distressed parents.

"I think we had better leave this to you, Prothero, since it is, to some extent an—er—family matter," Headmaster said sonorously. "We must see to it that their wishes are respected. If we did not, there might be lamentable consequences. I leave it to you."

Mr. Prothero snorted to himself. Then he glanced at the clock on his mantelpiece and picked up his pen.

He wrote a quick note to George telling him it would be all right for him to come along, and got as far as starting the necessary letter to Ann. Then, suddenly, the absurdity of it all became too much for him. He threw the pen

When Geoff saw his father standing there beside his mother his face lit up with joy. "Gosh, Dad!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know that you were coming, too . . ."

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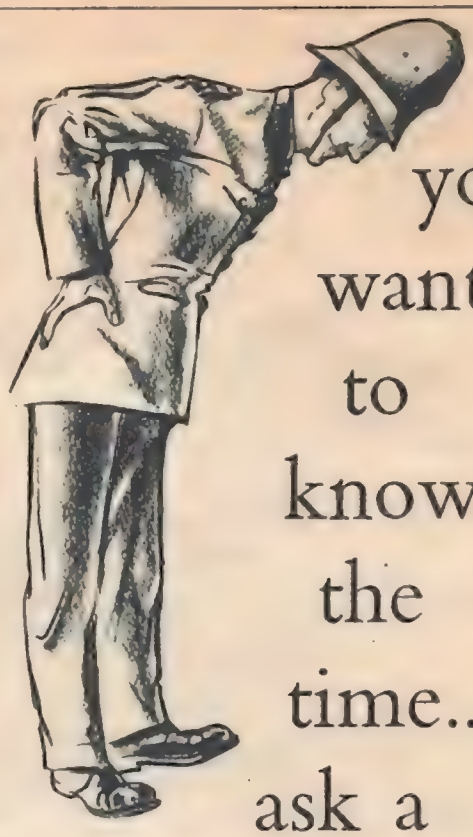

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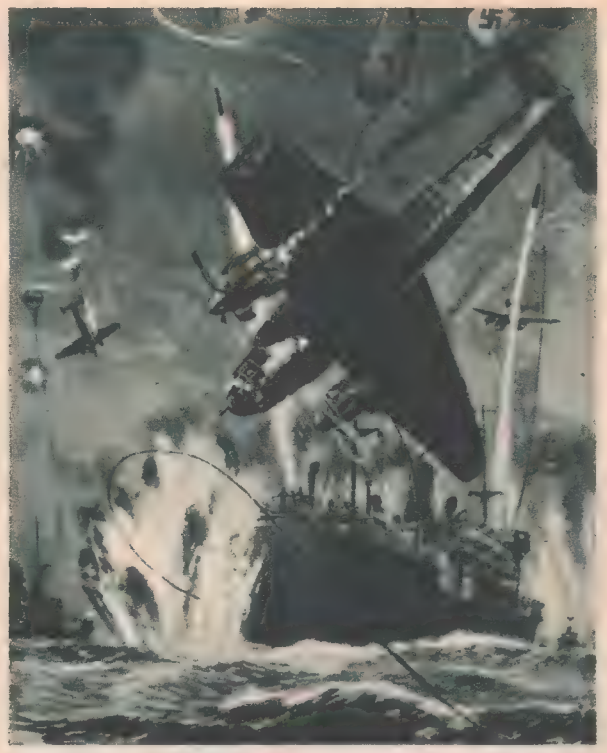
The first full story of the men who made our secret weapons

Wizards at War

by GERALD PAWLE



One of Clive Upton's superb illustrations

AIR raid wardens in wartime London were warned that strange contrivances might fall from the sky. If they saw a light, they could expect an explosion. . . . A Dorset policeman found two yellow containers, and cycled home with them swinging from his handlebars; they were part of a secret weapon, a knock could explode them. . . . Cheshire farmers found cattle entangled in wire that came from nowhere. . . . There were explosions in the night on a pier off Somerset. . . .

Hints like these were all that most people in wartime Britain knew of the bitter struggle that Winston Churchill called The Wizards' War: the struggle between our scientists and the enemy's for mastery in the design of secret weapons.

Now at last the security ban has been lifted. Now the story of this dramatic hush-hush contest can be told.

From documents, Admiralty records, eye-witness accounts, Gerald Pawle has reconstructed the story of one of the most important of Britain's research teams: the courageous men known as the Wheezers and Dodgers—or, more politely, the Royal Navy's Directorate of Miscellaneous Weapon Development.

Among them were brilliant scientists, a South Sea schooner skipper, a former cowpuncher and boxer, and an engineer who has become famous as a novelist, Nevil Shute Norway.

Himself a Wheezer, Pawle writes of their weird projects: rocket-propelled spears, floating roads, minefields in the air, invisible boats for secret agents, monster "catherine wheels" of steel that raced out of the sea, belching smoke and fire—inventions that saved countless sailors' lives, that shattered enemy defences in Normandy.

Wizards At War is a narrative packed with fascinating, fantastic revelations. Illustrated with historic photographs and striking paintings, it begins. . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

down and sat back and took out his pipe. To blazes with Headmaster—let 'em both come! Let 'em both come and see how they felt when they met, face to face.

Parents' Day always followed the same pattern. In the afternoon there was the School Exhibition, followed by tea in the dining-hall. After tea came a gymnastic display and the finals of the annual boxing competition.

Early in the afternoon the terrace in front of Big School was crowded with boys waiting for their parents to arrive. Young Geoffrey Harper was there, with several of his form-mates.

His companions were in the exuberant, slightly exhibitionist mood that took possession of them on such occasions, but Geoffrey himself was glumly silent. For the others the function was a bit of a lark, but to him it was an ordeal.

"A hell of a bore, really," one of the others said. "The only thing is, I hope I can touch the old man for a spot of cash."

"Me too! What about you, Harper? Will your old man be turning up in that smashing Bentley again?"

"He's not coming," Geoffrey said.

"Tough luck. Have you got anybody coming?"

"My mother."

"But I should have thought your old man would have wanted to see you box. Didn't you say he was school champion or something when he was here?"

"He can't get here," Geoffrey said. Then he suddenly burst out: "What's it got to do with you anyway?"

The other lad backed away a step. "All right," he said. "Keep your hair on. I was only asking."

He turned to the others and they drifted away, laughing and playing the fool in a close companionship. They didn't know what was the matter with Harper lately. They didn't much care. But if he wanted to be like that, he could get on with it.

ANN HARPER arrived ten minutes later in her own car. She was wearing the fur stole her husband had given her for her last birthday, and a neat little hat, and she made most of the other women look dowdy and elderly. Geoffrey was old enough now to be conscious of this, and normally he would have been boyishly proud of her. Today, though, as he went unwillingly over to the car, he felt only an unhappy and embarrassed resentment.

Ann Harper got out of the car. She lightly touched her cheek to his, and felt with a sinking heart how rigid and unyielding he was. Then she turned and walked at his side towards Big School. "How are you, darling?" she asked. "It's so lovely to see you."

"I'm all right," Geoff mumbled.

"How are you getting along with that ghastly Latin?"

"All right."

"And what about sports? You're in the boxing today, aren't you?"

She chattered all the way into the school, too brightly, too gaily, begging for some response from him. She was trying desperately to forget the way he had looked when she had first seen him from the car, standing there waiting, a pathetically lanky young colt of a lad; a boy standing there alone, betrayed, deserted.

They went into Great Hall where, by custom, Headmaster and his housemasters were waiting to welcome the guests. Headmaster was surprised to see Mrs. Harper. Surely, he thought, Prothero had intimated that it was Harper, not his wife, who was to attend today?

A sudden, disquieting suspicion struck him. Perhaps old Prothero had made a mess of things, and they would have both the Harpers turning up.

He glanced in quick irritation across at Mr. Prothero. Really, the old man was getting past

Continued on page 43

Foreign students ask the questions and the British Council answers. Smith talks about Mersey ferries

Most foreigners with a problem in Liverpool go to Frank Smith. Often he becomes their . . .

First friend in Britain

by JOHN ENNIS

A POLICEMAN stopped Frank Greaves Smith as he arrived at his office in Basnett Street, Liverpool, one Friday morning. With the policeman was a German boy who spoke no English. Though Smith knows little German, he listened hard while the boy explained that he had brought three girls to Britain to work as trick roller skaters in a circus at a North Wales resort. They had no money.

The four Germans had arrived at Hull, crossed to North Wales and found that the wage offered by the circus would not pay for their lodgings. Now their one hope was to return to Germany in the ship that brought them. It sailed the next afternoon.

Smith, the student welfare officer at the Liverpool centre of the British Council, dropped all his work for that day and took on the skaters' problem. He telephoned the ship's captain at Hull. The captain would not take the skaters without their fares.

Smith telephoned the ship's agents, who offered to advance the fares if somebody in Germany would guarantee a refund. Then he put through a call to Berlin, and the boy persuaded a friend there to arrange the refund with a man in his home town.

Late in the afternoon the boy had to return to North Wales for the girls. He still had no money for the train journey back to Hull. Smith began again. He got the shipping agents to send £10 to the post office at the Welsh town.

With a feeling of a job well done, Smith put the boy on the train for Wales. Then, as an afterthought, he decided to round off the service by asking a member of the Welsh town's Rotary Club to help the boy to draw out the £10 the next morning.

Looking after trick roller skaters is not really part of Smith's duties. It is his job, however, to uphold the British Council's aim of seeing that visitors from overseas return to their homes with pleasant memories of their stay in Britain. Most foreigners in Liverpool with a problem find their way to his office, and in fourteen years as a student welfare officer he has met and aided people of almost every nationality.

"I can only say I have never had an Eskimo or a Tibetan through my hands," says Smith, a slightly built man of forty-four with a quick, nervous manner.

THERE are 11,000 colonial students in Britain. Responsibility for their welfare, for which the government paid £48,889 in the last recorded year, was passed by the Colonial Office to the British Council in 1950. The council has officers on student welfare work in London and nineteen other cities in the United Kingdom.

Smith meets those who arrive at the Liverpool docks, finds them temporary accommodation, and sends them to their place of study or to the London office of the British Council.

He organizes vacation courses and study tours for overseas students, and arranges the social and educational programme of the Liverpool centre. He runs English pronunciation classes, and teaches one of them himself.

Not all of the colonial students are young. Each summer, Smith has charge of a number of Nigerian native administrators who come to Britain to study local government. He takes them to the Isle of Man, partly for a holiday, but also to show them a miniature, self-governing unit, within the British Isles, with a Governor appointed by the Crown. "It knocks them back," says Smith, "when I point out to them that it is exactly the same set-up as they have in Nigeria."

He took one group to a circus in the Isle of Man. "For the first time in their lives they saw a woman acrobat, and they thought her act was magic," he says. "I could hear them murmuring: 'Juju, juju,' to one another."

One Nigerian, a chief of police, was appointed

to investigate. He demanded to see the manager while the show was still on, and asked for proof that the acrobat was a real woman. The manager produced the woman and her two children. The gratified police chief gave the children a half-crown each.

To give the Nigerians a fuller knowledge of British life, Smith takes them on visits to art galleries, concerts, theatres, factories, parks and football matches. He recently took one party to see their first golf course. After watching golfers driving from the tee, a tribal chief asked if he could try.

"He pulled back the sleeves of his robe and took a club," says Smith. "I stood by, ready to join in the laugh when he muffed the shot. But he caught the ball first time with a wallop that sent it two hundred and fifty yards down the fairway."

Smith arranges for the Nigerians to spend an evening with ordinary families, taking tea, talking and perhaps watching television. One stayed with a jeweller, and the next day visited his shop. He decided to buy a ring, and chose a wedding ring. A Mohammedan, he presumably had more than one wife, for he paused, looked thoughtfully at the ring, then asked for three more exactly like it.

Smith and the British Council believe that leaving students with happy memories of their stay in Britain will provide a fund of goodwill towards this country from future colonial governments. Most of the students are highly educated, due to become the leaders of their people.

In spite of their educational attainments, however, they are often bewildered by their lack of previous experience of things that are commonplace in Britain. Some time ago a student, on his first night here, went to extinguish his bedroom gas fire before retiring. He had never seen a gas fire before. He blew out the flames, which were low, and got into bed leaving the gas on. He recovered in a hospital oxygen tent.

Since then, the use of gas and electrical appliances is high on the list of subjects dealt with on a three-day course given by the British Council to newly arrived students. They are also told how to use public transport, English money, telephones, public libraries, post offices, laundries and the health service.

Today, hundreds of students who have returned home are able to advise newcomers. But a few years ago many Africans brought huge cases of flour, red pepper and yams, having heard there was a food shortage in Britain. Others brought kitchen equipment. One man arrived with a tin hip-bath, and another with a four-poster bed.

SMITH has learned, however, that artlessness on meeting a new situation is not confined to people from the less highly developed parts of the world. Not long ago a Negro clergyman from Gambia told him that British children often surreptitiously rubbed the back of his hand. "They wanted to see if the colour comes off," he said.

As the man who becomes the first friend of many overseas visitors, Smith is the target of many odd requests. One African chief bought a bicycle for each of his ten children, and a bowl of goldfish for himself. From the ship taking the chief back to Africa, an urgent cable reached Smith: "Goldfish died, send more." He confesses that he ignored that plea.

During the war his welfare work brought him in contact with American military hospitals. From them he had two calls, for a skeleton and for a steam whistle. "I was able to find the steam whistle, but not the skeleton," he says. "There was an unusual shortage of skeletons in wartime."

Some years ago a feud began to develop among Chinese seamen and West Indians working in Liverpool after a member of one group had stabbed a member of the other. To end the feud, Liverpool citizens set up a Negro-Chinese Friendship Committee, and more or less automatically turned to Smith and appointed him secretary. Smith did nothing spectacular. He set about ending the trouble almost in the manner of a Sunday School teacher. Soon he had the two nationalities fighting out their differences in a ping-pong tournament.

Finally he turned this attempt at international friendship into a three-way affair by taking thirty Negroes and Chinese on an outing to Delamere Forest. They had tea in a local school, with the children as hosts. After the meal the English schoolchildren each took a man on a tour of their school.

"Not only did the feud fizzle out, but the men saw something of English life, and the children of a country village learned how to welcome strangers," says Smith, who recalls the whole episode as a highly successful piece of inter-racial co-operation.

All Smith's efforts to leave behind a happy impression of a visit to Britain failed with a Russian woman, the wife of a Soviet Embassy man, whom he met at Liverpool docks.

On the ship the only person who could speak Russian was a Latvian steward, who had vented his anti-Soviet feelings by deliberately mistranslating everything she said. By the time Smith met her the woman was almost hysterical, suspicious of every move.

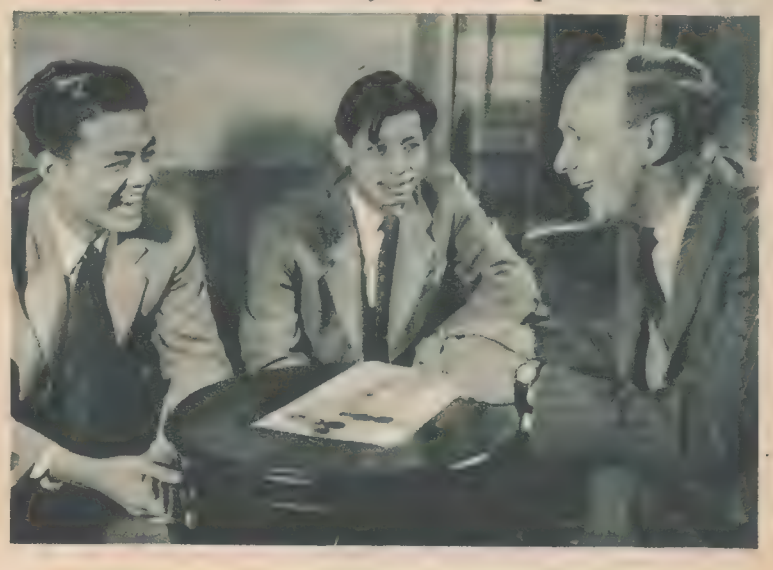
Smith, appealed to by the shipping line, managed to persuade the woman to disembark and go with her small son to an hotel. He got her husband to telephone her from London, and she calmed down enough to agree to take a walk. Smith went through the hotel's revolving door. The woman followed, got caught in the door, and revolved back into the hotel. She would not leave again until another Russian woman arrived from London.

Next day, Smith saw the two women and the child off to London. "She was still worried," he recalls. "She seemed certain I was putting them in the wrong train." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Hospitality is provided at the British Council's Liverpool centre. There are 11,000 colonial students living in Britain

Smith helps to iron out simple problems. He explains currency and teaches pronunciation



RAFFLES and Anniversary

He was the meanest criminal in London, a cad u

lesson. . . . But, for once, Raffles slipped up by

TOWARD six o'clock on a foggy evening, my hansom jingled out of Piccadilly into the courtyard before the Albany. Near the foot of the steps stood a roast-chestnut vendor's barrow. Its brazier glowed red, and I saw A. J. Raffles, in evening dress, cape and opera hat, chatting with the vendor and warming his hands.

As the hansom was reined in he came forward quickly. "That you, Bunny?" he said. "Good man! I've been waiting for you." He gave the cabbie the address of one of the clubs to which we belonged and took his seat beside me.

"I thought we were going to dine at the Capoulade before going to the opera," I said. "What's this club nonsense?"

I spoke a bit testily. I did not like Raffles's sudden changes of plan; I never knew what they might portend.

"There's a matter I feel obliged to look into, Bunny," he said. "It involves an old friend of mine—and two remarkably pretty sisters."

I said nothing. Raffles struck a match and dipped his Sullivan to the flame.

"Remember Bill Foster?" he said. "Young barrister just beginning to make a name." He drew deeply on his cigarette. "Last week Bill was the victim of a robbery. It was the eve of the first anniversary of his wedding. Bill had a present for Kathy, his wife, in his pocket, a gift of love—a ruby bracelet.

"A shadow was waiting for him when he arrived home that night. A blackjack smashed down on his head. When he came to, lying in the porch, the shadow was gone. So was Kathy's anniversary gift."

"A nasty sort of trick," I observed.

"It was," Raffles said, "and I felt particularly badly about it because it happened to friends of mine. What's more, it rang a faint bell in my mind. I've been combing back through newspaper files. Within the past year or so there have been a number of cases of young professional and business men who've been blackjacked and robbed while returning from their offices to their homes on the eve of the first anniversary of their marriage."

"A system?" I asked, intrigued.

"I'm certain of it," Raffles said. "Weddings, with presents on display, always have been apt to attract thieves. Hence, nowadays, there's often a plainclothes man about at such happy functions. So this ingenious unknown has worked out, I fancy, a bright variation.

"A day or two before the anniversary of a marriage he's selected, probably he begins to shadow the young husband, note his habits and so on. You see? He knows it's almost a sure thing that that young husband, when he hurries home on his anniversary eve, will have a gift in his pocket—probably jewellery of some kind.

"The happy husband goes tearing home with his mind full of love and gratitude and thoughts of the happy surprise he's got in his pocket for his young wife—and waiting for him in his porch, or some other carefully chosen corner along his road home, is this unknown man with the blackjack, the Anniversary Thief."

"It's the meanest crime I ever heard of," I exclaimed.

"I agree," said Raffles. "Are you with me in an attempt to hamstring this chap?"

"It's rather out of our line," I objected. The hansom was just jingling round into Pall Mall. The fog was deepening; I scarcely could see two street-lamps ahead. I was conscious of the vastness and mystery of London. "Besides," I said, "finding this chap would be about as likely as finding a needle in a haystack."

"As to that," said Raffles, "I have a notion. In the past year or so, you and I have had invitations to quite a few weddings of the very type this Anniversary Thief seems to pick on. Does any particular wedding stick out in your mind?"

I SAID: "The wedding that sticks out in my mind is the only *double* wedding I ever atten——" I broke off. "The pretty sisters you mentioned!" I exclaimed. "Of course! The Kenyon girls!"

"Christine and Carolyn," Raffles said. "Exactly! In point of fact, Bunny, *tonight* is the eve of the first anniversary of that double wedding. Now, another thing. Christine married Toby Lucas. A fine, storming rugger forward, Toby! You know his job?"

"He's in his family firm. Old-established City

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

In the brilliant and perfumed warmth of the foyer, Raffles and I watched them meet. But two of the

d the
Thief

ho had to be taught a

BARRY PEROWNE

concern—something to do with Hudson Bay. Fur importers or something, aren't they?" I said.

"Right," Raffles said. "And Carolyn married Roy Norcott. Remember Roy's job?"

"He's the youngest of the sons," I said, "of Norcott and Sons——" Again I broke off. My scalp tingled as I began to see what he was driving at. I said: "Diamond merchants, of Hatton Garden——"

"And there we have it," said Raffles. "Bunny, old cock, if there's one young husband whom our Anniversary Thief is likely to have noted as being apt to carry home to his wife tonight a gift worth having, surely it must be Roy Norcott—a diamond merchant!"

He flicked his cigarette-end into the fog. "Now, why we've come to this particular club is that I happen to know that on cold nights, with a longish way home before him, Roy usually looks in here for a quick one to warm him up.

"My feeling is that if we pick up Roy's trail tonight and keep close behind him, we stand a first-rate chance of collaring the meanest criminal in London."

As he spoke, the horse clip-clopped to a standstill. Raffles gave the cabbie a half-sovereign. We walked up the steps into the club.

Yielding up our outdoor things, we looked first into a room off the hall. Popular at this hour, the room was hazed with tobacco smoke and thronged with men standing about with glasses and tankards in their hands.

"We're in luck," Raffles murmured.

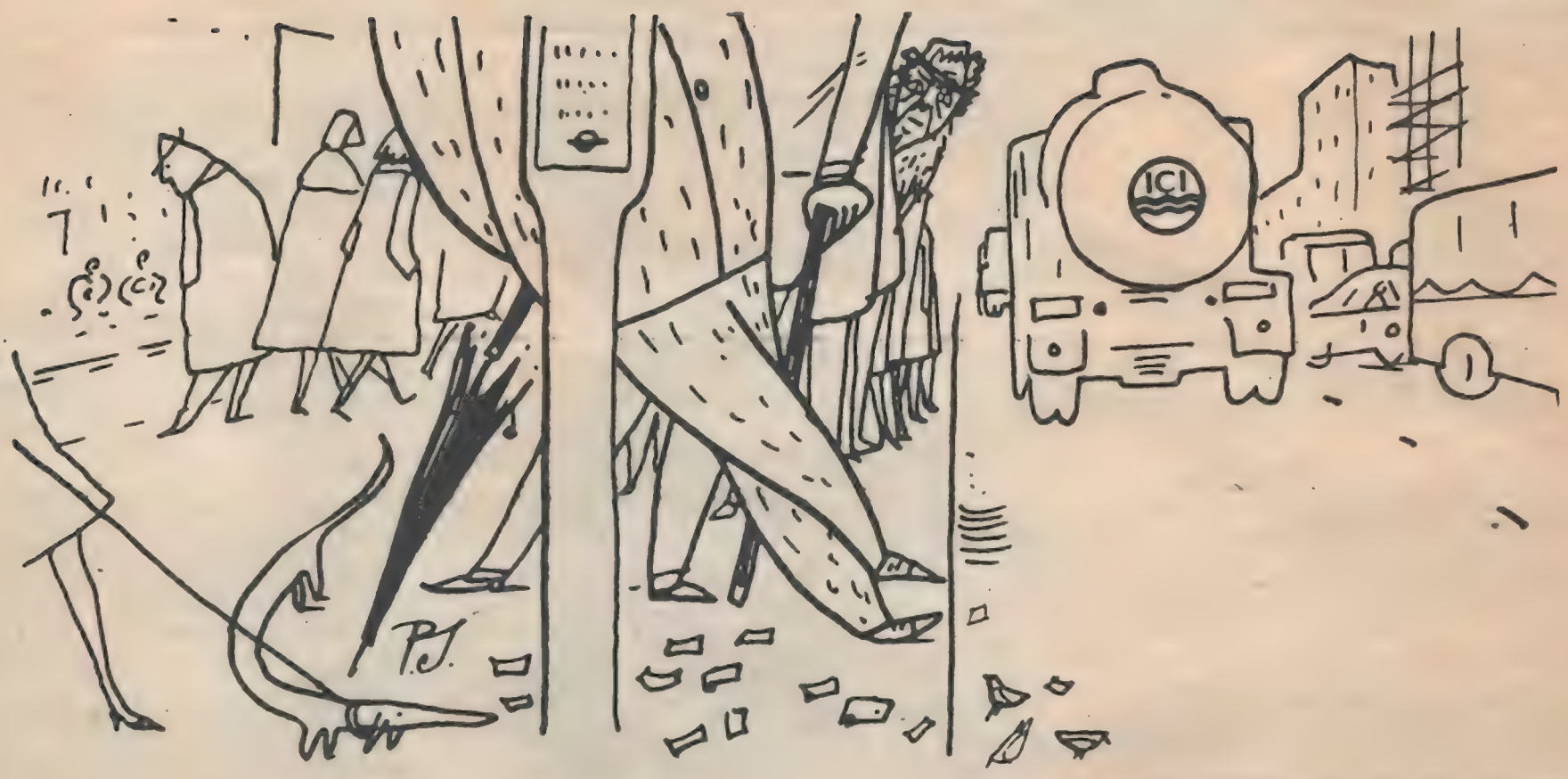
Sure enough, the very man we were seeking was having a drink at the bar with a couple of men we knew slightly.

One of the men, Philip Henge, was a velvet-jacketed, bow-tied, classically handsome fellow, a fashionable photographer. The other was a grey-haired, dapper chap with an eyeglass and a look of dissipated distinction. His name was Chastayne.

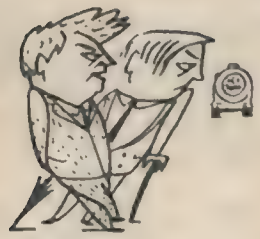
Roy Norcott was in evening dress, and, as we went over to the bar, Raffles said casually: "Evening, Roy. Going to the opera?"

"Hallo, you two!" said the young diamond

arty were missing . . . delayed by fog—or worse . . .



the things they say!



I might have begged a lift of that tanker driver.

Why should he stop for you?

Well, I took the plunge some time ago, and bought some I.C.I. stock.

I.C.I.? Rubbing shoulders with the big brass, aren't you?

Not a bit of it. Most of the stockholders in I.C.I. are small investors like me.

That's hard to believe.

I used to think the same — until I checked the facts. The truth is, 85% of the stockholders hold, on the average, less than four hundred £1 units of stock each.

But the rest hold a nice little packet, I'll bet!

Wrong again. There are surprisingly few large holdings and most of those belong to life insurance companies, pension funds and investment trusts.

So the money is spread throughout a very wide circle, when you work it out.

Yes, but somebody must hold a controlling interest.

The business is too big for that to happen.

There are over 200,000 stockholders.

How are you so well up on your facts?

Well, my own son works for them, you know. There's another thing — he's a stockholder himself now. With the new profit-sharing scheme in full swing, more than 80,000 employees like him now have their own stake in the company.

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Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

merchant cordially. "Don't often see you here, you poor, benighted bachelors!"

"Why this superiority?" Raffles asked. He snapped his fingers. "But of course! Time flies. Can it really be a whole year since you and Carolyn——"

"A whole year," Roy grinned. "Charles here remembered at once. Never forget an anniversary, do you, Charles? How the devil do you do it? You go to so many weddings."

"I know so many people," said Chastayne. "The perennial wedding guest but never a groom. It's the usual fate of the ageing man-about-town."

"If Charles had all the money he's spent on wedding presents in his time," said Henge, "he'd be a rich man today, wouldn't you, Charles?"

Chastayne's eyeglass glittered rather coldly, and, indeed, I myself thought the remark tasteless.

Raffles, intervening in his easy way, asked: "How is Carolyn, Roy?"

"Wonderful!" replied the poor, enamoured devil. "We're celebrating tonight—with Christine and old Toby, of course. We're going to the opera. Afterwards we're having a little party, just the four of us, in one of those private supper-rooms at the Capoulade. We're all meeting in the foyer at Covent Garden."

He glanced at his watch. "Carolyn's probably on her way in, now. Nuisance if this fog gets any worse. By the way, you haven't seen Toby, have you? He's popping in here for a minute before he goes home to put on a boiled shirt and collect Christine."

As we stood talking, I noticed that once or twice Roy put a hand lightly against his breast-pocket. But for what Raffles had said in the hansom, I probably should not have noticed the trifling gesture. As it was, it seemed to me positively to shout aloud the fact that on this night of fog, this perfect night for crime, the lively young diamond merchant indeed was carrying an anniversary gift for his young wife—a gift, undoubtedly, of diamonds.

"There's Toby," Roy said. "Excuse me."

He crossed to Toby Lucas, in the doorway, a burly fellow with a battered, cheerful face rubicund from the cold outside. Toby still wore his outdoor things; he carried a valise, and he greeted Roy with a broad grin, and the brothers-in-law crossed the hall and went upstairs together.

HENGE and others drifted away to their engagements, leaving Raffles, Chastayne and myself at the bar. As we talked, Raffles, I knew, was keeping an eye on the staircase visible through the doorway, watching for Roy Norcott to come down. I, too, kept an unobtrusive eye on the staircase.

After a few minutes, I saw Toby Lucas come down and stride across the hall to the street door. Roy Norcott did not appear. Raffles took out his watch, glanced at it, and said: "Time we had a bit of dinner, Bunny."

We took our leave of the monocled Chastayne and, as we went upstairs, Raffles said: "Roy's probably in the dining-room, but we'd better make sure."

Roy was in the dining-room, sure enough. We took a table, but had not yet ordered dinner when Roy tossed down his napkin and, taking up a valise which stood beside his chair, went out, giving us a grin and a wave as he passed.

"We'll give him a minute to get downstairs and collect his outdoor things," Raffles said. "Incidentally, did you notice he had that valise Toby brought? I wonder why."

As we went downstairs, the room with the bar was empty. There was nobody else in the hall as we collected our capes and opera hats, but as we went out on to the steps we were just in time to see a hansom with Norcott in it go jingling off into the mist.

Luckily, another hansom was dropping a fare. As we took our seats, I was watchful for anyone else trailing along after the hansom ahead, but, during the whole of the journey, I saw nothing to arouse my suspicions.

A glimpse through the fog of vague figures humping sacks and carrying towers of round baskets on their heads, and a clinking of hooves on cobbles, told me that we had entered Covent Garden. Next moment, we pulled up in a crush of carriages under the misty radiance of the Opera House's innumerable gaslamps.

WE hurried into the vast foyer. From the open doors to the auditorium came the bedlamite jangling of a large orchestra tuning up.

"There he is," Raffles said.

Following his glance, I felt an instant relief. Roy Norcott was in the act of depositing his hat and cape with the *vestiaire*. He lifted his valise to the counter. And suddenly Raffles's fingers clamped on my arm. I looked at him quickly, and was astonished by his expression.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"We've been unforgivably dull, Bunny!" Raffles said grimly. "Our plan was to stick close to Roy Norcott because he was carrying diamonds. But, dammit, he no longer is carrying them. Toby Lucas has them. We've been following the wrong man!"

I gaped at him. Before I could speak, he drew me sharply to one side. I saw that Roy was coming across the foyer. I thought he was making for us, but his delighted smile was for a girl who had just come in. She was Carolyn, safely arrived from Roehampton.

"Darling!" I heard her say, as Roy squeezed her hands. "But where are Christine and Toby?"

"They'll be along," Roy said. "Fog's delayed Toby, I expect."

"Or a blackjack," Raffles muttered, as the couple moved away. "Come on, Bunny!"

From the brilliance and perfumed warmth of the foyer, we plunged out again into the gloom and chill of the fog. Raffles seized on a stationary hansom, told the cabbie to make the best speed possible to Russell Square.

"That valise, Bunny!" he said, as the horse clattered off with us over the cobbles. "When we saw it had changed hands, we ought to have seen the whole story.

"What kind of surprise would diamonds be—to a diamond merchant's wife? None! He went to his friend and brother-in-law Toby——"

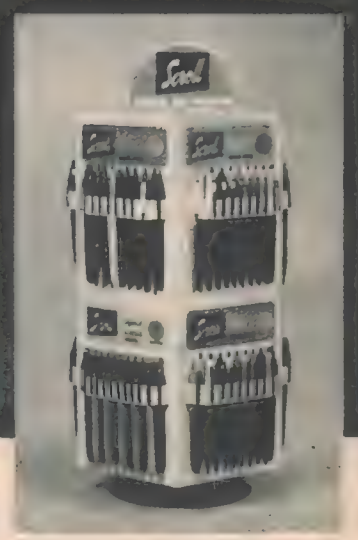
"Toby?" I said.

"The fur importer," said Raffles. "Roy went to Toby for something choice in *furs* for Carolyn's anniversary present. And Toby—whose everyday business is furs—would he give his wife Christine a nice fur as an anniversary surprise? Of course he wouldn't! What he did, quite obviously, was pick out from Roy's stock something choice in *diamonds* for Christine's

Continued on page 39

Squatting beside the safe, Raffles showed me a little gold bracelet set with flashing rubies

remember to ask for *Scroll*



The beautiful Ball Pen shown here is the Scroll '450', a pen of precision priced at only 4/9. It is one of a wide range of Scroll writing instruments (including the latest sensation, the Scroll LIQUID LEAD pencil) which you will find featured on the Scroll Turn-Me-Round on the right in the very best shops. Look for this unique display and examine all Scroll Pens in their glorious colours at your leisure. Scroll Pens Ltd., Brimsdown, Enfield

Farming's hundred acre showman

Each year Joseph Yardley expects the worst—and achieves a triumph for the Bath and West

by RENÉ LECLER

Yardley works all the year round for the four-day Bath and West. Already he is making plans for the 1958 show

The show offers over £10,000 in prize money: sheep-shearing is one of the contests

WHEN Joseph Yardley, secretary of the Bath and West Society, organized his great agricultural show at Plymouth a few years ago, he marked its visit to the seaside by holding a lobster-pot making competition. While it was being judged, a warm westcountry voice suddenly shouted outside his window: "Them fisherfolk o' yours be belaying the judge." Yardley called an assistant and said: "Get twenty pints of beer and follow me."

Rushing across the show yard he saw one competitor throwing his lobster-pot at the judge and the others fighting among themselves. "As a farm expert, I did not know that there are two ways of making lobster-pots, the Devon and the Cornish, and we had only one class," he says. "When the judge, a Devon man, gave the first two prizes to Devon competitors, the injured Cornishmen let him have it. The beer arrived just in time."

Once, during an epidemic of foot and mouth disease, Yardley was allowed to use a few sheep provided all the contestants in the sheep-shearing competition wore white coats and gum-boots sprayed with disinfectant. Spectators had to remain behind a barrier. Half-way through the competition, a steward told him: "We're in trouble, one of the spectators has jumped over the barrier." Yardley replied: "Douse him with disinfectant."

"But he's got his Sunday suit on," said the steward. "Never mind! Douse him! It's his own fault." The man afterwards threatened to sue Yardley for the loss of his suit.

Despite this, Yardley maintains that people are no trouble compared to the three thousand animals in the show and the vagaries of the weather. At Bristol in 1949, he had ten thousand railway sleepers laid to harden the ground but a sudden downpour the night before the show threatened to ruin it. At 10 p.m. Yardley ordered four hundred tons of straw, and his men spent the entire night spreading it over the avenues. "In this business," he says, "you've got to be pessimistic. If you expect the worst, you won't be caught."

A tall, heavy-set man of sixty, who lives quietly with his wife in a Cotswold cottage, Yardley has been secretary of the Bath and West since 1937. The oldest agricultural show in the world—it was founded in 1777—it is one of the most important country events, second only to the famous Royal. Every year, in places as far apart as Nottingham and Plymouth, Launceston and Dorchester, it covers one hundred acres with four hundred stands, hundreds of cattle pens, a show ring 600 feet by 250 and 30,000 square feet of canvas. It has a power station, twenty-five miles of electric cables and one hundred telephone lines.

The show attracts up to 160,000 town and country visitors who can buy anything from a £3,000 combine harvester to jewellery from Bond Street. At Cardiff, where this year's Bath and West opens on May 30, the attractions include a Welsh coracle building contest, international show jumping, and the Grand National winner.

The show costs £60,000 a year to stage and offers over £10,000 in prize money. With admission tickets at between half a crown and ten shillings, sales of a five hundred page catalogue, and rents paid by exhibitors, it has only twice failed to make a profit since Yardley took over: bad weather and foot and mouth disease cut attendances down by one third at the Nottingham and Birmingham shows.

Yardley works all the year round with an office staff of eight which swells to six hundred employees when the show is on. The day a show closes, the contractors' twelve lorries begin to move two thousand tons of prefabricated building materials to next year's site.

Yardley is now planning the 1958 show in

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7/1/58

Plymouth. The choice of site—which is rented for £1,000—is his first worry. Many towns compete for the show's business, but Yardley usually insists on a one-piece site with good water supplies, easy access and an additional fifty acres on which to park the daily influx of ten thousand cars.

Yardley's worst memory of show hazards goes back to his early days when he was organizing the hundredth Royal Highland Show in Scotland. A week before opening, a gale brought down thousands of square feet of canvas. It was put back and, within hours, sparks from a passing railway engine set fire to it.

On the eve of opening, local authorities phoned him to say that because of an outbreak of foot and mouth there would be no cattle. Yardley's associates say that since then he has never been caught with a smile on his face before a show.

WHILE a show is being built, Yardley visits it about once a week and surprises often await him. Three weeks before the Launceston opening a ninety-four miles an hour gale woke up the works foreman, Tom Walker, at 3 a.m. by rocking his caravan.

"I opened the door and a length of two-by-four timber missed me by inches. Roofs were flying off in all directions and I could hear acres of canvas tearing. When Mr Yardley arrived the next morning, the show yard was like a battlefield."

The Bath and West is the only show in the country which has its own power house with three huge engines which also provide three thousand gallons of hot water an hour through hundreds of taps in the cattle pens, the rest rooms and the catering stands.

The society puts up most of the shedding for exhibitors, but some like to build their own on pegged sites earmarked by Yardley. This year the flower show will be housed under one of the largest marquees ever erected: 340 feet by 90. In addition, Yardley and his men build bedrooms for the twenty stewards: a dozen bathrooms, clubs and several offices. But there is never enough accommodation, and this year he is booking hundreds of hotel rooms as far away as Porthcawl, twenty-six miles from Cardiff, for officials.

In his small office in Bath, Yardley keeps duty books which remind him of over seven hundred things which must be done or bought: a potter's wheel, special plates to exhibit butter, extra chairs for a lounge, an increase in the thirty tons of feeding stuffs for the animals, an extra man for the barber shop and replacements for the toys broken last year in the nursery.

Every year stewards add to the list. Yardley says: "This business is full of good resolutions and people saying 'This will never happen again.' But it does."

Once the show opens, Yardley rarely sees much of it. For twelve hours, right through the cattle parades, the horse jumping, the thatching displays, the mannequin parades and the horse and buggy trials, he stays by the telephone which connects him with every part of the show.

Animal behaviour often creates problems for men like George Crocker, the Devon-born stock foreman, who is reputed to be able to put pigs to sleep by tickling them under the chin.

Once Crocker was packing up about midnight when a steward rushed in and said: "Quick, phone for an ambulance. I know you won't believe me, but one of the herdsmen was snoring in his pig's stall and the pig bit him in the rear." Says Crocker: "I checked up and it was absolutely true."

He remembers the time when a policeman hammered on his door at 3 a.m., shouting "Let me in, let me in . . . there's a bull after me." He opened his door and saw a wild Shorthorn bull pawing and snorting in the show ring.

"I went to the cattle lines and found that the bull had worked a bolt loose, crashed through a stretch of canvas and stepped over his herdsman without waking him. I shook the man and sent him to the ring. He walked up to the bull and said 'Come on, you old fool, what do you want to wake me up at this hour for?' He took the halter and led it away like a lamb. I wouldn't have touched that bull for a month's pay."

Stockmen and herdsmen often match their animals' behaviour by their own idiosyncrasies. Says Crocker: "Judges look at these beautiful beasts in the show ring and check the three 'Is'—long, low and level—but I often wonder if they know what goes on backstage."

Men spend hours washing and grooming their cattle, using liquid soap, warm water and a type of talcum powder. One man swore by a toilet soap for his Aberdeen Angus bull and used an electric hair dryer on it. Linseed oil is a normal beauty preparation for pigs, which also get condensed milk in their diet. Stout is often fed to cattle.

Says Yardley: "I am glad most of these livestock troubles don't reach me. I had enough with rabbits." At one show some years ago he organized a rabbit exhibition, and many different breeds were entered. One night a hutchful of expensive chinchillas escaped and mixed with other breeds.

"I knew nothing about rabbits and we sent each lot back to its owner as best we could. A woman in Brighton wrote that she had received some dreadful farmyard creatures instead of her 'darling' chinchillas. I tracked down the lucky farmer who had received the windfall, worked the exchange and breathed a sigh of relief."

Nine weeks later the woman wrote to Yardley again, threatening to sue him: her chinchillas had given birth to halfbreeds.

Yardley wrote to her: "Dear Madam, we look after your rabbits to the best of our knowledge. We feed them, water them and groom them, but I regret that this Society cannot hold itself responsible for their moral and physical lapses."

Yardley adds, "With 150,000 humans and three thousand animals to look after there are limits to what you can do."

THE END

"Trouble with you is, you've got more sense than money"

PROGRESS—I

The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Fruit tastes so much better with double rich Carnation

Carnation adds such a special creamy flavour

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Carnation is wonderful for cooking, too!

Double rich Carnation is simply *delicious* with fruit salad. But don't forget — Carnation's special creamy flavour improves *all* your cooking. Always use Carnation to add double richness to your sauces, sweets and savouries. Why not serve creamy, refreshing 'Carnation Jelly' today? Just follow this easy recipe! . . .

Carnation Jelly. *1 small tin Carnation Milk. 1 pint packet jelly. ½ pint boiling water.* Dissolve jelly in boiling water in a large bowl. Allow to cool. Whisk the Carnation Milk for a few minutes. When the jelly is beginning to set add the Carnation Milk gradually, whisking all the time until the mixture is light and frothy. Pour into a mould or pile into individual dishes. Serves 4 good helpings.

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BOB MARTIN'S aren't just a daily treat—dearly as dogs love them! They are a carefully balanced diet-supplement, the result of continuous research into the nutrition of dogs going back for over sixty years. Bob Martin's Condition Tablets contain, in the correct proportions, vitamins all dogs must have to keep them full of energy, in lovely coat, *really* fit.

Your dog's Bob Martin Tablet provides his full daily need of the important vitamins B_1, B_2 and D together with a rich supply of Vitamin A and all the goodness of dried whole liver. You can buy Bob Martin's from chemists, pet shops and seedsmen, in cartons at 11d. & 2/3

Give him Bob Martin condition!

The golden rule is one Bob Martin's once a day

The proving flight

Continued from page 9

being stood aside for and saluted with highly organized confusion.

As Bellamy drove to Operations he noticed that the Emperor had already been towed out to the tarmac to stand just beside a dais full of microphones and ciné cameras. Men in overalls swarmed like white ants over her, while florists' girls were arranging hot-house blooms in pots to give the impression that she was walking on flowers.

Bellamy parked outside the operations building. As he was rooting round in the car for his luggage, he saw out of the back window that Captain Cavendish—very erect and terribly tall—was standing on the steps, waiting for him. He locked the car up and, humping his bag and briefcase, walked slowly towards the Grand Old Man of Air Endeavours.

Captain Cavendish had entered civil aviation thirty years ago when a pilot, if not a god, was a Number One Superman. Since then times had changed. But Captain Cavendish had not.

His unblinking eyes watched Bellamy approach, but gave not the slightest sign of recognition. He waited until the younger pilot had come right up to him. Then: "Ah, Bellamy!" he said.

"Ah, Cavendish!"

The older pilot frowned at the sound of his naked name. "You checked everything on the air-test, Captain? Ab-solutely everything?"

"Everything, Captain."

Cavendish paused to scrutinize the training captain from top to toe. "Now, Captain Bellamy," he said, "I have been giving some serious thought to this problem of dual command."

"Captain Cavendish . . . so have I."

"And what I have decided," Cavendish continued, "is this. We shall share the take-offs and landings between us. You will do the westbound. I will do the eastbound."

"And while we're airborne?"

"When it's your turn, Captain, you will take the decisions in the air." Cavendish added, as a comfort both to himself and Bellamy: "After all, I will always be available to you in an advisory capacity."

"Thank you, Captain," Bellamy said gravely. "And when it's your turn, I will be available to you."

"Quite, Captain, quite!" Cavendish meticulously flicked a piece of fluff off his greatcoat with his long, gloved fingers. "An admirable arrangement! And now, shall we stroll over to discover what the meteorological officer has in store for you?"

They went off together to the met. office, and as soon as they began to discuss the weather prospects they found themselves at loggerheads. Bellamy reckoned that a threatening Low over the Atlantic would move east, while Cavendish considered that it would drift to the north.

The forecaster nervously fingered his tie. "It's a difficult situation," he said. "What with bad radio conditions and so few reports, it's impossible to forecast which way this Low will move." Sandwiched between the two pilots, he did his best with the deadlock. "Perhaps north-east," he suggested mildly.

"I have seen this sort of weather before," Cavendish interrupted. "Many times." He turned to Bellamy. "Look at the temperature at Weather Ship Coca. There's your clue, Captain. The warm air is moving north, so we may expect——"

Bellamy said softly: "Let's cut out the meteorological lecture, Captain."

Cavendish glowered at him. Then he ignored Bellamy and addressed himself to the forecaster. He demanded: "What's the head component on the Great Circle?"

"Well, we estimate minus fifty-five knots at twenty-four thousand feet."

"There you are, you see!" Cavendish said to the now silent Bellamy. "With strong winds like that we shall have to do a Composite to fifty-eight north. A Composite is in effect a huge dog-leg, a kind of tacking to avoid flying into the teeth of the wind, whereas a Great Circle is the shortest track across the earth's curved surface. . . ."

Bellamy said: "Those winds might be a good deal stronger."

"Unlikely, Captain!"

"And much stronger on a Composite."

"Captain Bellamy!" The enormous dignity of the older pilot had been unnecessarily ruffled. He pulled irritably at his iron-grey moustache. "You've done nothing but contradict me ever since we came into this office." He paused. "I most strongly advise that we do a Composite."

Bellamy said quietly: "No. We're going to fly the Great Circle."

CAVENDISH'S face went almost white. "In my advisory capacity," he said, "I most strongly recommend——"

"I heard your recommendation, Captain Cavendish," Bellamy said. "May I remind you that I am in command on this leg . . . ?"

Meanwhile other, humbler, preparations were going ahead for the flight. The two stewardesses and Mr. Hamilton, the chief steward, had arrived at the airport. Mr. Hamilton was bustling and efficient and gave his orders briskly. This had to be done, that had to be done. Sir James liked dinner at eight; Captain Cavendish, when he was on duty, insisted on tea every hour, on the hour.

Later, from inside the aircraft itself, the catering crew had a grandstand view of the send-off ceremony. Looking out through two of the portholes Lalette and Angela watched the procession of important people, headed by Sir James and the Minister, slowly cross the carpet and mount the dais.

As the first two stepped on the platform, their feet seemed to set off a specially prepared cheer bomb among the crowd. The newsreel cameramen got busy, and the B.B.C. interviewer moved his microphone nearer.

Repeatedly, the chairman had to hold up his hands for silence. After bowing to the Minister, he eventually made his speech.

". . . and fellow air-minded citizens of this great and enterprising country, there never was a time when any enterprise that conquered any element was not dear to the hearts of Englishmen. And today, as generations of your forefathers have done since time immemorial, you have come to wish yet another enterprise God-speed.

"You all know the Emperor . . . the masculine majesty of her name, the muscular beauty of her powerful lines. You have come, I think, to regard her, as I do, as a *symbol* of new discoveries, new conquests that await us in the vast continent of the sky. The British designed her. The British built her. The British will fly her. But . . . the world will be our passengers."

Inside the aircraft, as the applause broke out, Hamilton swept his fingers over his jaw. "Very fine talker, Sir James! Now here's Captain Cavendish."

Cavendish had withdrawn from flight planning early in order to make this appearance before his public. Recognizing him, they gave him a cheer. He spoke very briefly, but with immense dignity about "this honour, this climax to my long career." The crowd cheered again.

Hamilton leaned forward. "It's all over bar the shouting, I would say."

He was right. The rest of the ceremony was quickly over. As the light faded from the late afternoon, the passengers who were making the trip came aboard. . . .

They took off to the west, into a

PROGRESS—2

All progress is based upon the universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income.

Samuel Butler

green horizon. In the passenger compartment there was complete quiet. As always on the climb to cruising altitude at 24,000 feet, everyone seemed to be waiting. The lights blazed on the strawberry-red upholstery of the many empty places.

Now and again the hydraulic pump let out a wail. Sir James, seeing the under-secretary beside him look round every time the pump sounded, finally said: "It's the boosters."

"Oh?"

"There is no antiquated wire and pulley arrangement for operating the flying controls on *this* aeroplane." Sir James pursed his lips with pride. "Too big, you see. So, in common with other aircraft—but in much greater detail—hydraulic cylinders activated by the pilot's control column do all the pushing and pulling of the rudders and ailerons and elevators."

"Oh?"

"Even the emergency system has to be hydraulic. A pilot would find it very difficult to move the controls manually."

Sir James subsided then, relaxed and closed his eyes. For some time there was silence. Then he bestirred himself again and boomed out: "Enjoying yourself?"

The under-secretary adjusted a smile over his rather angular face. "Very much, Sir James!"

The truth was, he had not wanted to come. It had been the Minister who had suggested it, on the ground that his appearance on the passenger list would give the lie to the too-often spoken rumours that the Ministry was hand-in-glove with the nationalised airline corporations.

"There will be a welcome committee waiting for us at New York," Sir James said. "Then down we go to Bermuda—to show the flag for a couple of days. And now, will you have a sherry?"

"I think sherry would slip down very nicely."

Everybody now followed Sir James's example and relaxed completely. They heard the chairman say: "Smooth! *Very* smooth! Like the Emperor. You'll notice there's no vibration, Brocklehurst."

"No?" The under-secretary was busy studying the waves of brown sherry that lapped against the side of his glass. From somewhere there was coming a thudding uneven whine. "Is that the hydraulic pump again, Sir James?"

His sherry glass half-way up to his lips, the chairman said: "I can't hear anything, dear fellow."

But three rows farther back the same noise interrupted Eastlake, the young air-frame designer, as he sat reading a detective novel. He glanced at Cruttwell.

The engine designer was shifting uneasily in his seat, trying to get a view of the starboard outer engine.

Eastlake got up and walked over to Cruttwell. In a low voice, he said: "Something up, eh? Awful lot of vibration."

"I can't feel it."

"Awful if we had to return to London, after that send-off!" A smile was now twisting up the corners of Eastlake's narrow lips. "Bit longer on the test bed. That's what your engines needed."

A goaded look had come into Cruttwell's anxious eyes. He was a patient man, normally a timid one, too, but Eastlake had an uncanny facility for getting under his skin.

"They're only out of synchronization," he said. "This flight engineer we've got on board . . . he's as bad as those half-wits in the hangars!"

One of the engines suddenly raced away into a powerful high-pitched scream. Then it died away again into a half-hearted, flappy thumping.

Cruttwell got up. "I think I'll go forward to see what he's up to."

THE smile on Eastlake's face had widened. "I think perhaps you'll *have* to."

As Cruttwell passed on his way to the front, the chairman called out: "Has someone just sat on the propeller switches, Mr. Cruttwell?"

Cruttwell replied politely: "I don't know, sir." He knocked on the door of the flight deck, and slipped on past the rest compartment, where Captain Cavendish sat, perfectly unmoved, reading an evening paper. Just at the entrance to the cockpit, he heard Bellamy say to the engineer in a voice full of exasperation: "You haven't got the damned things synchronized yet."

"Perhaps I could help, Captain?"

The pilot turned in his seat. "Oh—it's you, Mr. Cruttwell. Yes, I wish you would."

Rawlings sat in front of his fifty-six dials, beads of sweat already glistening on his forehead. "These damn switches!" he was saying, as the r.p.m. indicator on number four again sagged back too far. He glowered at them. Dainty little things, very artistically designed, more suitable for the lights

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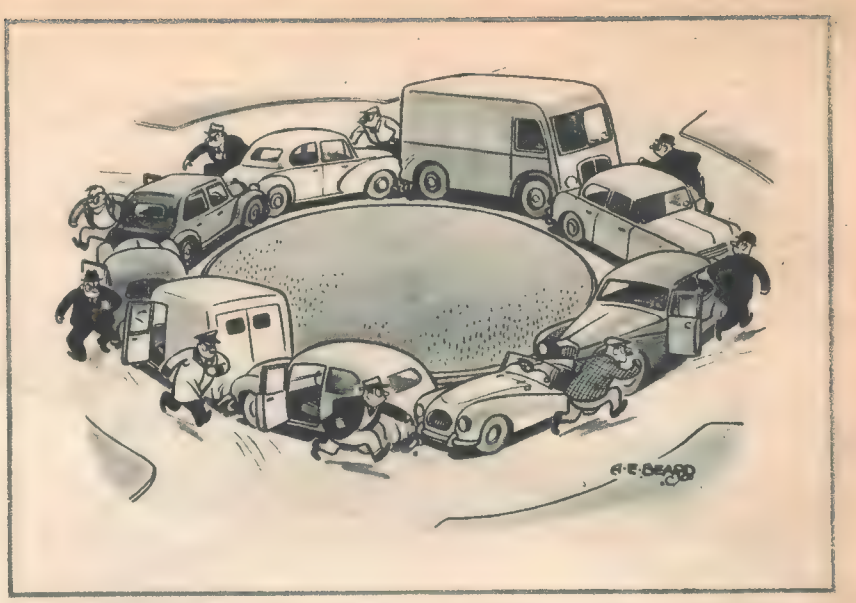

in the ladies' powder room than for the split-second movements up and down to control the pitch of the propellers.

Cruttwell suggested: "It's number four, isn't it?"

"I know. I've got eyes, too." The engineer was hotter than ever.

Cruttwell said: "I wonder, could I . . . for a moment?"

The huge, blue-covered shoulders grudgingly shifted to one side. The engine designer listened, bird-like, while his hairless hand touched the switches as though they were white hot. Then he said: "I think . . . I think that's it, isn't it?"

Everyone on the flight deck listened. The sound of the motors now was sweet and even. Bellamy flashed his torch over the two propellers on the right and watched the shadow of their blades march exactly in step like twin sentries on parade. "That's it," he said.

FEELING he had been shown up, Rawlings frowned at Cruttwell, and received in return a nervous beam through the thick spectacles. The rest of the flight deck relaxed back into routine. Bellamy was just suggesting to Seawood that a cup of tea mightn't be a bad idea when a gruff voice spoke from the back of the cockpit.

It was Captain Cavendish. He said: "We took a long time to get those propellers sorted out, didn't we, Captain Bellamy?"

"Yes, we did, Captain Cavendish."

Cavendish took his cap off the spare radio transmitter. He said: "Well, now everything has at last settled down, I shall go aft to talk to the passengers."

"Tell them it was just synchronization trouble, will you?"

"I shall certainly apologize to the chairman, Captain."

"Thank you, Captain."

Captain Cavendish withdrew. He entered the passenger cabin taking the glove off his right hand, ready to consummate his introduction to the under-secretary. "Good evening, Sir James," he said.

"Ah, good evening, Captain Cavendish. I don't think you've met Mr. Brocklehurst." The meeting was effected with mutual satisfaction.

"That noise you heard, just now," Cavendish said. "I must apologize——"

"Somebody sat on the r.p.m. switches, eh, Captain?" the chairman said again, and the pilot joined in the general forgiving laughter. "Something like that," he said.

"Smooth now," said Sir James. "And now the weather, Captain. I haven't had the time——"

"There is a big Low in the Atlantic. And a heavy head-wind Component."

Sir James said anxiously: "But you'll be able to do it direct?"

"Well——" Cavendish paused. He could never resist a moment like this. The hush as he stood there was packed to the brim with the many things a pilot had to cope with: ice, storms, headwinds, control, maintenance, fog, fatigue, forecasting fuel consumption. . . . Then he said calmly: "I think I shall be able to promise you New York non-stop."

All the air in Sir James's lungs was employed in the one word: "Excellent!"

"The weather at our destination will be ceiling and visibility unlimited."

"Excellent!"

Time passed. Emperor Alfa Delta was running easily now. In the cockpit under the dimmed green lights the instrument panel, with its phosphorescent sparkle of lines and figures, stayed steady on its rubber mountings. The compass needle never moved.

"Isn't that Fastnet Rock to starboard?" Bellamy asked.

Seawood turned and looked out. "It is, Skipper. Dead on our beam."

Bellamy said, "Tell the navigator, will you? Might as well get a ground-speed check on it."

Southwaite had already taken one. He came up between the pilots with an alteration of course—300 degs. "Those winds, Captain!" he said. "We're falling behind flight plan. We're fifteen minutes late already."

Bellamy swung the aircraft round the required five degrees to starboard. All he said was: "And another ten hours to go!"

Gradually the flickering beam from the lighthouse, last outpost of Europe, moved farther and farther behind the aircraft till it was no more than a spark on the line of the horizon. Then it, too, vanished into the night, and Emperor Alfa Delta, cutting her lonely road steadily west against the resisting wind, was abandoned to the dark Atlantic. . . .

Dinner had been served with a polished precision that had rejoiced the meticulous Mr. Hamilton. And now, with the stewardesses withdrawn to the galley for the washing-up, there remained only the serving of the coffee and brandy and liqueurs.

Hamilton watched anxiously as the chairman slowly raised the balloon glass to his nose, and then to his lips. "Excellent, Hamilton! Excellent!"

HAMILTON sighed with pleasure. Then Angela appeared at his elbow and whispered: "Captain Bellamy has just rung from the rest room. He doesn't want dinner yet. Just orange juice. Shall I take it along to him?"

Hamilton was all brisk efficiency. "Certainly, Miss Knight! Right away! Hurry now! Don't keep the captain waiting!"

Back in the galley, Angela prepared the tray carefully. Then she dabbed some cologne behind her ears and renewed her already immaculate lipstick. Lalette, the last of the washing-up done, stared gloomily out of the window. . . .

Ten minutes later, Lalette looked at her watch and frowned. Time seemed to be simply crawling along. She was quite glad when Hamilton came in and said: "Captain Cavendish's tea, Miss Greenacres! He'll have finished it now . . . if you would go and get the cups. He'll be wanting another pot in a minute."

She got up and walked through the

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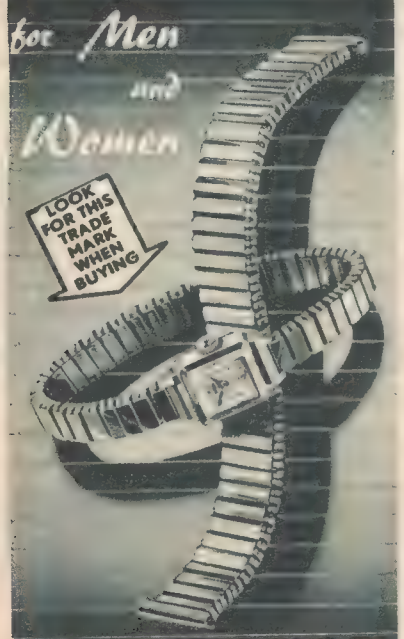

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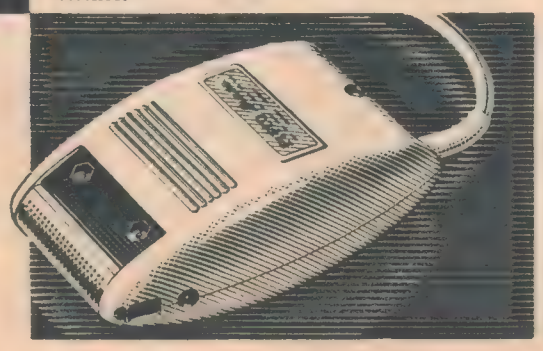

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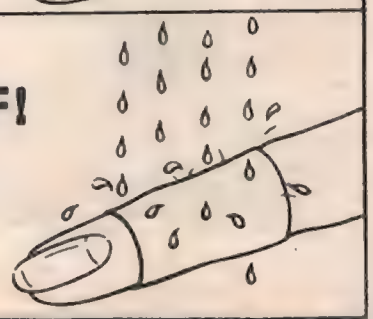

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cabin. Up front everything was cool and shadowy. To the left, with a metal door rimmed in gold light, was the crew's rest compartment. Two paces in front, lit only by the phosphorescent green lights from the instruments, was the flight deck.

She collected the tray and then on her way back paused outside the door of the rest room. There was no reason, she supposed, why Angela shouldn't stay and chat to Bellamy if she wanted to. He was off duty and there was only enough work for one in the galley.

She thought she might as well fetch Bellamy's empty glass. She knocked and went in.

There were two seats on each side of the narrow room, with a table that could be put up between. Bellamy sat on one, Angela on the other, holding a packet of photographs in her hand.

"I just thought," Lalette said to Bellamy, "that I'd collect your glass."

"Not quite finished. You can have it in a moment."

"We were just looking at these photographs," Angela said. "Some of them are really quite good."

"May I see?" Lalette took the packet that Angela handed her. "Oh—they're very good." She saw that one was of Bellamy. "This is very nice of you . . . sir."

Bellamy said nothing. He just gave a faint smile.

The next one was of Bellamy, too, in a sports jacket and flannels. Then there was another, this time of an old gentleman in a well-ordered garden, nipping off some buds with a pair of secateurs.

"Ah," said Lalette, "and this one? This must be . . . er . . . Daddy?"

She said it, she knew, with quite deceptive gentleness. All the same, Bellamy looked up at her sharply. He finished off his orange juice and put the glass down. He said: "You can clear away now, Lalette, if you like."

"Thank you, sir," She picked up the tray.

"What about that other one? The one I took of you?" she heard Bellamy say to Angela, as she let the door snap shut behind her.

Lalette went back to the galley. There was one thing, she thought, washing up with too much violence, neither of them would do anything but chat politely, look at photographs and do the proper thing. . . .

Cavendish, now beginning his second hour on watch, had sent Seawood back to the rest compartment and had replaced him in the right hand seat with Mr. Cruttwell.

Outside, it was black. Every now and again the tea cups rattled as the Emperor's wings got caught in an isolated cumulus top, but most of the stuff was still below them.

Rawlings lolled back, contentedly eyeing the perfect behaviour of all the engine instruments. He nudged Hooper: "How's the weather on the other side?"

"Couldn't get the last reports. Radio conditions are pretty bad. Maritimes are out, but Boston and New York were okay."

Rawlings grunted with satisfaction. "Smooth trip," he said. He added: "That man Southwaite's working too hard. Hey, Alex!" He called to the navigator. "Your tea's getting cold."

But the navigator took no notice of him. With infinite precision, he was drawing a thin line on his chart.

Rawlings turned back to Hooper. "You got anything to read?"

"Only Cavendish's paper."

"Might as well take a gander at it." The paper rustled as it was being passed across the flight deck. Cavendish interrupted himself in his monologue with Cruttwell.

He turned round. "Is that my paper?" he said.

"Yes, Captain."

"Thank you very much." Cavendish leaned back to collect it. "Now I wanted to show you this article, Mr. Cruttwell."

Cavendish was enjoying himself. He was playing the age-old game of pilots with aircraft constructors: how the perfect aeroplane should be built, and where every one of them was going wrong.

He spread the paper out in front of him.

"Just look what this man says about the Emperor!" he said. "You'll notice that he calls the layout of the cockpit a pilot's paradise. Now, often a pilot has to act immediately, and in this particular cockpit——"

"Captain Cavendish!"

The flow stopped abruptly. "Yes, Mr. Southwaite?"

"You were right about that Low. We've hit the bottom of it."

"So it's shot up north, has it?" There was a certain satisfaction in Cavendish's voice. "I told Captain Bellamy it would."

In scrupulous fairness to both his captains, Southwaite pointed out: "But Captain Bellamy was right about the winds. *Much* stronger than forecast."

Cavendish demanded coldly: "What is the wind?"

"A hundred and eighteen knots, sir. Dead on the nose!"

"Nonsense!"

"That's what my fix says." Southwaite's face remained detached and unemotional.

"But that means we're in a jet stream!"

"Might mean that, sir."

The newspaper was thrust suddenly aside. The tea tray was swept down to the floor. With a tremendous dramatic lunge, the auto-pilot was slammed out.

"Mr. Hooper!" Cavendish snapped. "Contact Control for descent clearance to 16,000! Winds for all zones at that height! . . . Mr. Southwaite! Revise your flight plan to 16,000 feet! . . . Mr. Rawlings! Throttle back for descent!"

Captain Cavendish was acting *immediately*.

Rawlings was the only one who questioned his orders. He said, "What . . . now, Captain?"

"*Now*, Mr. Rawlings!"

"But we haven't got permission from Control yet, Captain!"

Cavendish made no reply. He leaned his huge hand on the pilot's set of throttles and pulled them back himself. Grandly, the Emperor's nose dipped downwards. She descended for the first two thousand feet without the slightest qualm. Then she plunged into a flurry of dark cloud and started to shake all over in protest. Hail that had been lurking there in ambush now got her range and pinged and peppered her all over.

BEHIND the concentrating pilot, Rawlings shook his head and muttered to the radio officer: "Always the same with him. Least thing—off he goes! Real old shadow boxer, Cavendish!"

Hooper's eyes had widened. "But a hundred and eighteen knots——"

"We've got the fuel," Rawlings pointed out comfortably. "Engines are all right. New York's all right. Why he wanted to go down——"

"And without permission! We might collide."

"Trouble is, he never remembers he isn't the only captain in the sky."

"He isn't the only captain in this aircraft, never mind the sky," Hooper said. "I thought on this leg Bellamy was in command."

In the rest compartment, Bellamy was having a belated dinner when he heard the motors change power. At first, he had thought that Control had allotted them a new altitude, and he went on eating. But, when the Emperor continued to dive farther and farther down into the bumpy cloud, he

PROGRESS—3

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Dean Inge

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 38

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

went out to the flight deck to investigate.

His first glance was at the navigator's altimeter—19,000 feet, and still going down.

"What's going on?" he asked Southwaite.

The navigator looked up from a fresh set of calculations. "Jet stream, sir," he said. "Over a hundred knots."

"But why are we going down?"

"Captain Cavendish's orders, sir."

The altimeter needle flashed past 18,000 like an express train.

"What height?"

"16,000, sir."

Bellamy's face wrinkled over with exasperation. "God Almighty!" He strode towards the pilots' seats. "Captain Cavendish!"

"Ah, there you are, Captain Bellamy!" The older pilot turned his head momentarily from the instruments. "Here . . . take over for a minute, would you?"

The only alternative left to Bellamy was to leave Mr. Cruttwell, now cowering back from the controls, in complete charge. Cavendish had squeezed past him towards Hooper, saying as he left: "We're taking her down to 16,000, Captain." Then he bent over the radio officer. "Have you got permission to descend yet?"

Hooper was trying to listen to Morse through a fearful jumble of howling static.

"Permission!" Cavendish cried. "Have you got permission?" He was feeling the slight uneasiness that more frequently these days invaded his self-confidence.

These controls and regulations that now red-taped the free air were a damnable nuisance. And he was uncomfortably aware that these turbo-prop engines, unlike their pistoned ancestors, increased their fuel consumption heavily by descending lower, and also lost a considerable amount of speed.

From the front, Bellamy called out: "Levelling off at 16,000!"

It was bumpier down here. The hail had changed to electric rain, now washing the black windscreen over with sparkling swirls. In a majestic malaise, the Emperor began to roll. Cavendish impatiently whipped the headset off Hooper's left ear and roared: "Haven't you got permission *yet*?"

But Hooper grabbed at his earphones and jammed them back on his head. At a highly-trained racing speed, he began to write in his log. Cavendish, looking over his shoulder, read the words one by one as they appeared on the white page before him:

"Special New York and Boston forecast, 24.00-12.00. Ceiling indefinite sea fog. Visibility 440 yards to nil."

Mr. Cruttwell had returned to the passenger cabin and retired to bed, as had everyone else. In the long passenger compartment, everything was quite still.

The only light was right at the back where Lalette sat at the catering staff's table over which a shaded lamp shed a round yellow patch of brilliance on to the open book in front of her.

The call bell beside her buzzed. She looked at the indicator and saw that it was the flight deck. Cavendish would be wanting tea *again*. She went into the galley and poured the still simmering kettle into a pot she had already prepared on a tray with the cups. Then she walked softly up the aisle to the door and into the cockpit.

SHE noticed the hush straight away. Everyone seemed to be expectantly waiting, except Southwaite, who was still bent over his calculations. She was surprised to see Bellamy in the left-hand seat.

Bellamy was saying in a low voice: "I had the idea I was in command on this leg."

"So you are, Captain."

"Then why not tell me before coming down?"

With considerable dignity, Cavendish replied: "I acted as I knew *you* would have acted."

"You got it wrong."

"Captain Bellamy, this is neither the time nor the place——"

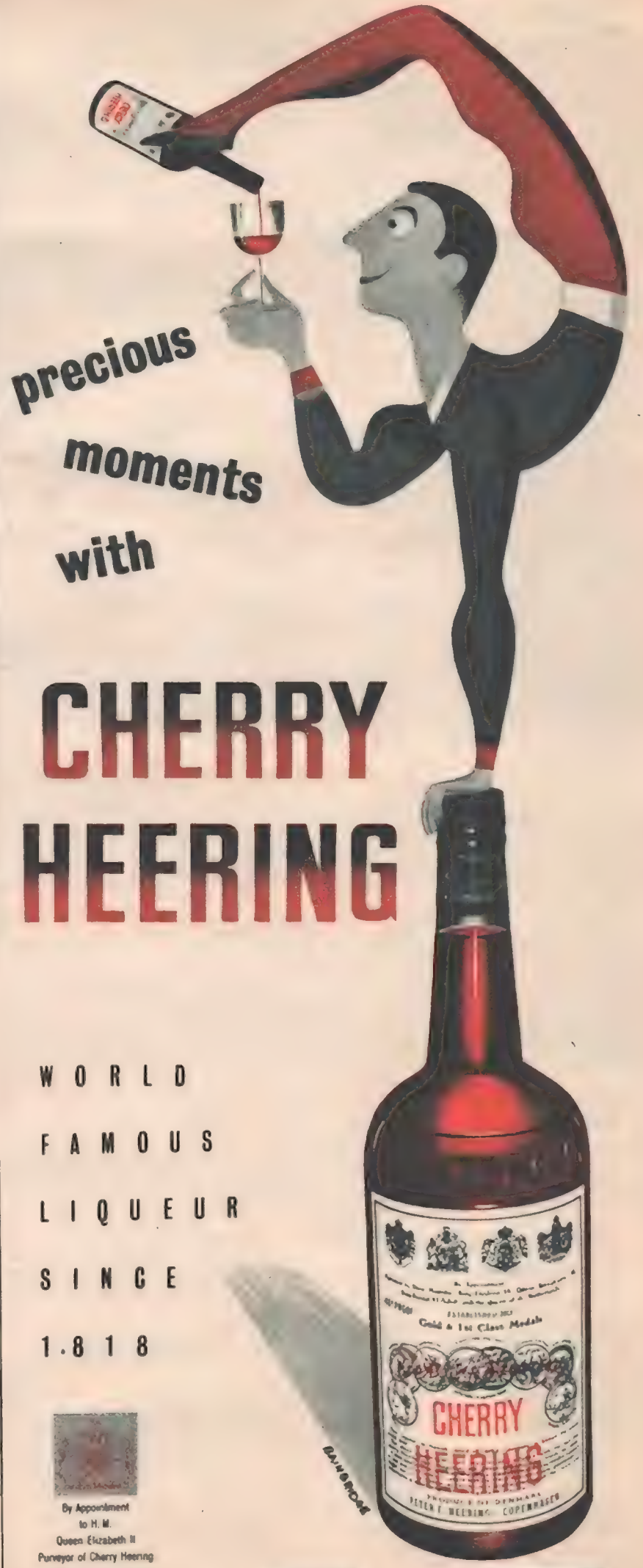
"No clearance! Nothing on the winds at 16,000! Worst cruising altitude! What the hell put the idea into your head?"

Cavendish glowered down at him. "It was necessary, Captain, to get out of the jet stream."

"Slap into this ice, eh? Look at it!" Bellamy flashed his torch out into the blackness. There, on the port wing, a glistening straight white stripe piped the muzzy line of the leading edge.

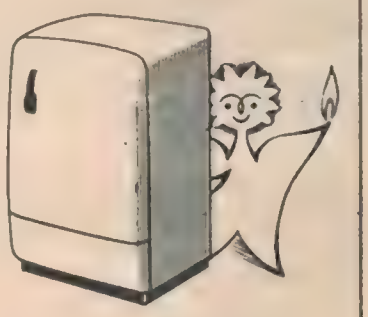
"In the middle of the Atlantic, Bellamy, I have other things to do than to argue——"

"And so have I . . . now! But get this straight, Cavendish. While I'm in command, I have the responsibility. And I take the decisions!" And then, as though it was all finished with, Bellamy turned round and asked in a completely different voice: "Has



. . . We've come to it at last. I knew we would. We've bought a gas refrigerator. Think of all the worry there has been about the milk turning sour, the food going off, the flies and dust and all those left-overs that go into the dustbin. Now we're all right whatever the weather. Now we'll know that the food will always be fresh and clean, cool and crisp . . . And I said: Why don't *you* get a gas refrigerator, too?"

Call at your gas showroom. There are various models of gas refrigerators in different sizes and prices to suit your need. You can buy one for a few shillings a week.



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Mr. Southwaite worked out a wind at this height?"

"Just coming up, Captain."

Bellamy poured out the tea and handed a cup to Cavendish. As he drank his own tea slowly, he was revising the plans he had already made for the crossing. This was a situation he hadn't expected—but immediately he had sent messages seeking for a destination safe from the weather. Iceland, Moncton, even the aerodromes in England might be called in to help him, now that the whole of the North American seaboard was out.

He had the answers beside him: England weather was fair, Moncton was on limits with fog, Iceland at present was good but, with the Low rushing northwards, how long it would remain so was problematical.

Southwaite came up with the wind he had found. "Ninety-five knots, sir. Still from the same direction."

Bellamy looked at Cavendish.

"Considerably less than at 24,000," Cavendish pointed out icily.

Southwaite said: "We've gained on the wind. But we've lost fifty knots airspeed, sir. What's more, we're still losing it."

The ice was building up fast now. Great chunks were being slung off the propellers to bang and clatter against the Emperor's sides. Bellamy knew he would have to climb again to get out of the stuff. The cloud outside was weaving a white cocoon, as though trying to contain the whole aeroplane within it.

He could either go back to England, or he could fly north to Iceland, hoping to beat the Low in. He thought for a moment about the two alternatives. Iceland was nearer; it was also five hundred miles closer to New York. And a return to England would be a sad sequel to the glory of that send-off.

Suddenly he made up his mind. Turning to Hooper, he called out: "Clearance to Iceland . . . 23,000!"

After Hooper had said "Yes, Captain," a hush descended over the whole of the flight deck, a kind of quiet knell for the proving flight's non-stop trip to New York. Then the radio officer's key rattled out, an uneven match against the ice that still clattered against the fuselage. The Emperor, unperturbed but much slower now, plunged steadily through the storm.

Cavendish said: "Iceland!"

"Only thing to do. Apart from going back."

"But the chairman . . . Sir James——"

"What about him?"

"I think he should be told."

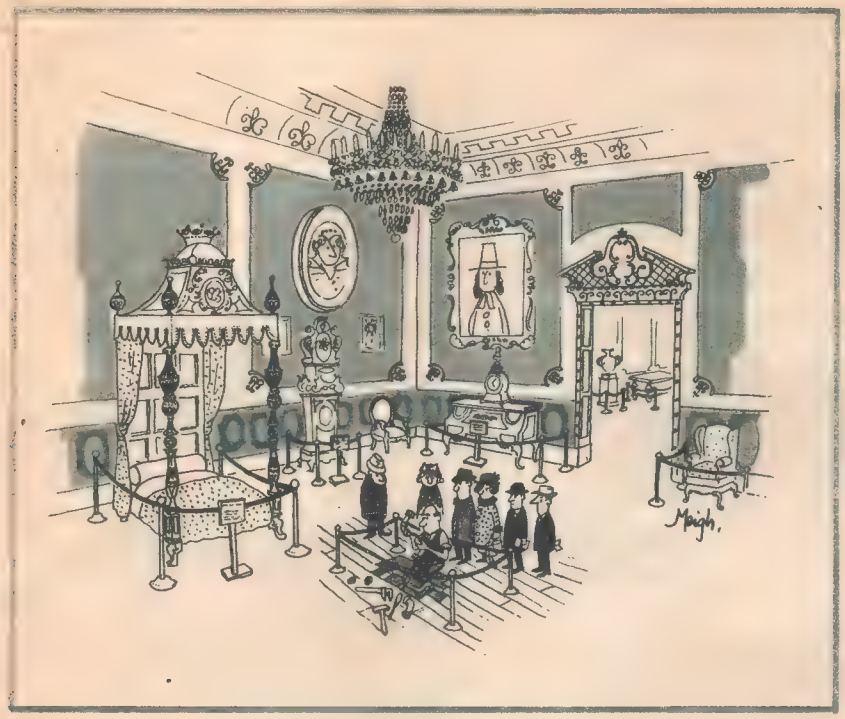
"So do I."

Lying on his back in his bunk, Sir James had been dozing on and off, still in his clothes. Vaguely, he had heard the engine note change several times, but it had not worried him. The pilots

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 37

By allowing these men to play dominoes for money, the publican is breaking the law, says a barrister-at-law. In 1852, judges ruled that playing dominoes for money is gaming, and a publican who allows gaming on his licensed premises commits an offence. Penalties: a fine of up to £10 on a first offence, and £20 on subsequent convictions.



were merely finding the best altitude at which to fly, and he had other matters on his mind.

A voice said: "You awake, sir?"

"Yes," he said, pulling the curtain aside. "Hallo, Bellamy!"

Bellamy came straight to the point. "Bad news, I'm afraid, sir."

His mind now suddenly flooding with all sorts of dire possibilities, Sir James demanded: "What's the matter with her?"

"The aircraft's fine, sir. Going well. It's the weather. . . ."

An awful thought suddenly gripped the chairman's brain. "Bellamy, we're not going back?"

"Not as bad as that, sir. Iceland."

"Iceland!"

"Only thing I could do, sir. I'm sorry——"

But Sir James, with all his plans for the Emperor balanced on the pivot of this proving flight, was not one to accept an explanation like that.

"What does Captain Cavendish say to this?" he demanded.

A stoniness came into Bellamy's eyes. He said: "I'm in command on this leg, sir."

"But surely we can find somewhere better than Iceland! That'll make us hours late! This aircraft is intended to operate non-stop in all conditions! The reception committee——" He was getting really rather angry now. "The weather can't be as bad as all that, Captain."

"Worst situation I've seen." The pilot paused. "The Emperor can operate non-stop in the worst *normal* weather conditions. But this is phenomenal — hundred knot head winds, coupled with bad weather at all the terminals and alternates. You can't fight a situation like that, sir."

So there was nothing that could be done about it now. Sir James said: "How late will this make us?"

"At least six hours."

IT was the man's calm that was so infuriating. His apparent indifference to the issues at stake.

And then, realizing the impasse, Sir James's well-drilled mind refused to try to shift the past. It was Iceland now. And Iceland had to be explained.

"Very well, Captain Bellamy."

Nobody said anything to Bellamy when he came back into the cockpit. Then Cavendish silently passed him the weather card.

There had been another addition: "KEFLAVIK, Iceland, 23.30. Cloud 8/8 300 feet. Wind 220 degrees 30 kts. gusting 40. Visibility one mile in light snow. Temperature 01. Dew Point 01. Altimeter 29.12. RAPID DETERIORATION EXPECTED."

David Beaty's novel, "The Proving Flight," will be published by Secker and Warburg on June 21 at 14s.

To be continued next week

Raffles and the Anniversary Thief

Continued from page 27

anniversary present. And at the club tonight Toby gave Roy the valise with the fur in it, Roy gave Toby the diamonds."

"But, confound it," I said, "how could the Anniversary Thief, not knowing the chaps, possibly guess at this transaction between them?"

"I don't know," Raffles said. "All I know is that this criminal seems to go for jewels. Roy, who carried a fur, has reached the Opera House safely. Toby, who carried diamonds, has not turned up!"

The hatch above our heads opened. "Russell Square, Guv," said the cabbie.

Raffles told the driver to wait and we made our way forward into the darkness. Suddenly a stentorian roar of "Cab!" stopped us both in our tracks. A door of a house standing open made a misty oblong of light, against which were silhouetted two figures standing on the porch steps.

"I wish you wouldn't," I heard a girl's voice protesting anxiously. "It's so silly to go to the opera after what's happened, Toby. You ought to be lying down. I'm sure I ought to have sent for a doctor. You've got an enormous lump on your head. You're probably concussed."

"Cab!" roared Toby. To the girl he said: "My head's been kicked repeatedly by rugger boots, Christine. It's been proved that it's impossible to concuss it. Don't worry, dear. I was knocked cold for a minute, but my head's all right, now—sound as a bell, except that I have to wear my opera hat on one side, because of the lump.

"What makes me boil is your present being pinched, prettiest thing in the whole of Roy's stock—diamond pendant, heart with an arrow through it. Ye gods, when I think of a dirty, sneaking, porch-skulking blackjacking footpad pinching a bloke's anniversary present for his wife. . . !

"But he's not going to spoil our party with Carolyn and Roy. . . ."

Raffles drew me away. We returned quickly to the hansom at the corner, and Raffles, paying the cabbie, freed him to answer Toby's shouts.

"Now, what?" I said. "Your Anniversary Thief is no longer just hypothetical. He's struck, he's grabbed the swag and he's vanished into the fog. There's no hope of finding him, now."

"I wonder," Raffles murmured. He lighted a cigarette, inhaled thoughtfully. "He was lying in wait for Toby. Therefore, he'd guessed somehow of the transaction between Toby and Roy.

"Bunny, I've been thinking about what you said in the hansom coming here. How did he guess—not knowing

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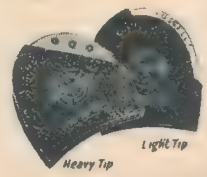

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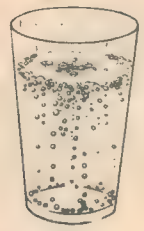

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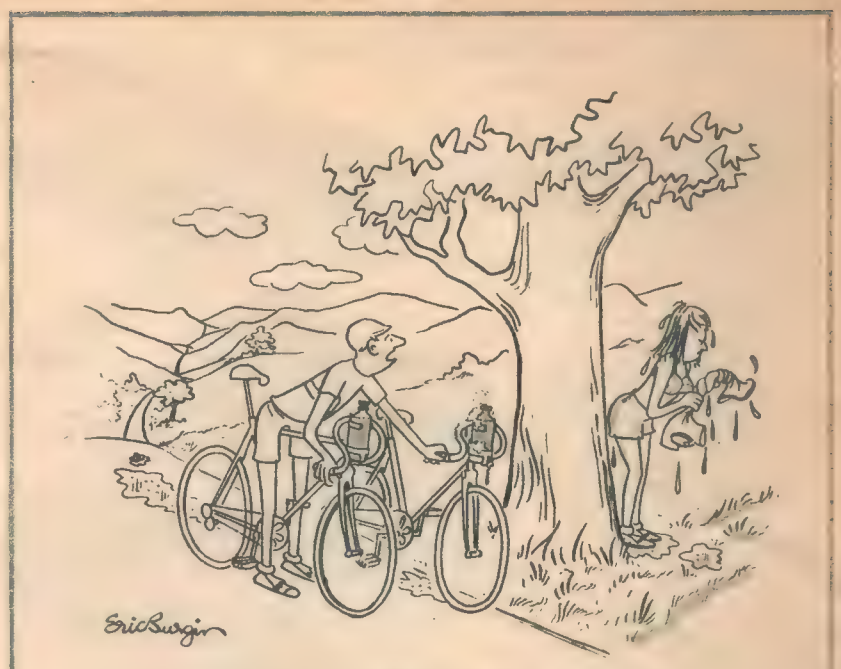

"I told you not to fill it with fizzy lemonade"

the chaps? Surely the simplest answer must be that he does know the chaps, knows them well."

My heart jumped. "What are you driving at now?"

"Suppose," Raffles said, "he doesn't just pick his victims from the Marriage Announcement columns of the newspapers. Suppose his information about them is a great deal more personal and detailed than that. Suppose that, in fact, he's a fellow who attends a good many weddings of chaps like Toby and Roy. You catch my drift?"

I stared at him under the wan nimbus of the street-lamp. I recalled the conversation in the club this evening. I felt a sudden, tingling excitement.

"I know what's in your mind," I said. "And it *is* possible——"

"Possible enough," he said, "to make a call on the chap. I know where he lives. Come on, we can walk it quicker than find a cab now. It's not far. He lives just off Bond Street—Oxford Street end. He has a flat."

It took us the best part of thirty minutes in the fog before we were standing on the pavement of a turning off Bond Street, peering up at a set of first-floor windows.

Raffles led the way into the entrance hall of the flats, and up tiled stairs to a tiled landing with a palm and gas-jet. Along to the left, where a second flight of stairs led upward, was a door with a polished nameplate and letter-slot, and a coir mat outside it.

"That's his place," Raffles said. He reached up, turned out the gas-jet. I felt him drop on one knee on the mat, to push up the letter-slot and peer through it.

"All dark in there," he whispered, straightening up. "It's worth having a prowl round."

As he spoke, he was working on the door with the picklock he always carried. I heard scarcely a sound, yet in a few seconds he had the door open. He drew me quickly inside, closed the door, relocked it with the picklock. Only then did he strike a match and hold it up.

I saw that we were in a small, well-furnished hall.

BEFORE us, a door stood open. Raffles moved forward to it, holding up the match. Over his shoulder, I saw that the room was a large, comfortable sitting-room. Moving forward, Raffles touched the last flicker of the match to one of a pair of gas-globes above the mantelpiece. The mantle popped alight.

Raffles moved quickly from picture to picture, lifting each slightly to glance behind it. He found no safe. He paused, looked keenly about the room, then crossed to a tall bookcase to the left of the fireplace. The lower part of it had sliding wooden doors. Raffles dropped on one knee, slid the doors open, chuckled quietly. "Here we are, Bunny."

Looking over his shoulder, I saw a squat, square safe. But suddenly he slid the doors shut and rose smoothly, putting a finger to his lips. We listened. Someone was coming up the tiled stairs—at the run.

Raffles reached up, turned out the gas. Then he thrust me behind the window-curtains and followed me.

A key sounded in the lock of the hall door. I heard the door open, slam shut. Footsteps came into the room, a match scraped, a gas-mantle popped.

Light showed through the gap at the edge of the curtains. I could see Raffles, on my left and nearer the gap, peering sidelong through it. I could see part of the bookcase to the left of the fireplace. I did not breathe. I heard the doors

PROGRESS—4

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world. The unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

George Bernard Shaw

which concealed the safe slide open with a bang, and I knew our man must be opening the safe.

Stealthily, Raffles reached upward with both hands. He took a double grip on the red chenille curtain. He waited, peering sideways through the gap at the curtain-edge. Suddenly he gave a violent downward yank, ripping the curtain from its rings. He launched himself obliquely forward, falling, curtain and all, on top of the man kneeling at the safe.

Shrouded by the curtain, the man could not see us. Pinned by Raffles's weight, he struggled violently, but the folds of the curtain hampered him and muffled his shouts.

Raffles nodded me urgently towards the other curtain. He did not speak for fear that the man might recognize his voice. I divined Raffles's intention and, whipping up a dagger letter-knife from the top of the bookcase, I plunged the knife into the curtain still hanging before the window.

Thankful for the fog shrouding the panes, I ripped the curtain downwards, sawed off a strip. I made a slip-knot in it, nosed it over the man's flailing ankles, jerked it tight.

I slashed two more strips from the curtain. Raffles slid them under the man, knotted them to pinion his arms. In a minute or so, he was thoroughly

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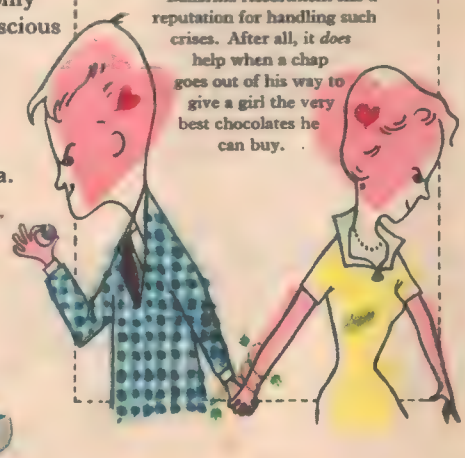

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Ballerina CHOCOLATES

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE

wrapped up and trussed in the curtain. He went on struggling, rolling, squirming about on the carpet as Raffles rose and picked something from the floor, held it up for me to see. His grey eyes danced. The object that dangled by a slender chain from his finger was a heart-shaped diamond pendant transfixed by an arrow.

The door of the safe stood open. Squatting beside it Raffles transferred a number of things to the pocket of his cape. He held up one of them for me to see. Rubies flashed hotly from a little gold bracelet—almost certainly Bill Foster's anniversary gift to his wife Kathy.

Raffles rose. He took a sheet of notepaper from a letter-stand on the bookcase. With a pencil he scrawled a few words in capitals on the paper, held it up for me to see: FROM A FRIEND. He tucked it with the diamond pendant into an envelope, flipped the gummed edge along his tongue-tip, addressed the envelope to MR. TOBY LUCAS, thrust it into his pocket.

Taking another sheet of notepaper, he scrawled again in capitals, and again held the paper up for me to see:

YOU HAVE 24 HOURS TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY. AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW SCOTLAND YARD WILL BE INFORMED OF THE IDENTITY OF THE ANNIVERSARY THIEF—WITH EVIDENCE.

He put the paper into the empty safe. He winked at me, jerked his head at the door. We crossed to it, paused for a moment to look back at the trussed-up monstrosity which was grunting, writhing, bouncing and heaving about strenuously all over the carpet, knocking over chairs and occasional tables in its indefatigable contortions. Raffles closed the door on the strange spectacle.

He broke our prudent silence as we emerged into the fog and turned left towards Bond Street.

Chuckling, he said: "Getting himself untangled should keep him busy for half an hour or so, I think. Tomorrow we'll post Bill Foster's bracelet, with another 'From A Friend' note. Toby's pendant we'll deal with right away. The other items from the safe we shall have to think about at our leisure. I doubt whether much can be done about returning them to their rightful owners.

"Now, the opera must be pretty well over. We'll get along to the Capoulade. This sounds like a hansom jingling up, now. Don't let the cabbie see your face, Bunny."

I UNDERSTOOD this warning when, arriving at Henrietta Street, Raffles stopped the hansom at the corner, tipped the cabbie liberally, gave him the envelope addressed to Toby, and asked him to drop it in at the Capoulade.

The fog was dense along Henrietta Street and, as the hansom rolled off, we followed, walking quickly, keeping it in sight. A hundred yards along the street, it pulled up before the Capoulade.

The cabbie climbed down from his perch, stumped into the restaurant, reappeared, climbed to his perch again, and drove off.

"That's that," said Raffles. "Now for a well-earned supper, Bunny!"

Despite the fog, the Capoulade, a small but popular restaurant, was crowded but we were lucky enough to get a table. I felt lighthearted and, having missed my dinner, quite ravenous. Munching with gusto, I looked round at the animated scene—and a sudden rigour as of lockjaw seized upon me.

Across the room, I had caught the glitter of a monocle. I stared.

"What's the matter?" Raffles asked.

I swallowed my mouthful with an effort.

"Chastayne!" I said.

Raffles glanced across at the man-about-town, who, with his usual air of dissipated distinction, was supping with a very pretty woman.

"What about him?" Raffles said.

"What about him?" I said. "That conversation at the club! About his being 'the perennial wedding guest, never the groom,' and about his being a rich man today if he had back all the money he's spent on wedding presents in his time! I thought——"

"You thought Chastayne was the man we left trussed up?" Raffles said. He looked at me curiously. "We knew that the method of the Anniversary Thief was to get *ahead* of his man, Bunny, and lie in wait for him.

"When I said he might well be a man who attended a lot of weddings, and who knew Roy and Toby intimately, I certainly thought it possible that he was someone who belonged to the club, and who was with us there tonight.

"But obviously he had to be someone who saw Toby arrive with the valise, saw him go upstairs with Roy, guessed what was going on between them and therefore left the club *before* Toby did, so as to be lying in wait for him in his own porch.

"That couldn't possibly have been Chastayne, who stayed talking at the bar with us long after Toby had left. My dear old chap, the man who left the club at the right time to lie in wait for Toby, and who certainly attends far more weddings than Chastayne, is Philip Henge, of course—the bow-tied, velvet-jacketed, fashionable photographer with a flat over his shop just off Bond Street."

I finished my supper in a dream. I could not get over my curious misconception. But, towards one o'clock, a rather rewarding thing happened. Up on the gallery landing of the restaurant the door of one of the private supper rooms opened. The four people who came out were the two pretty, dark-haired, blue-eyed sisters, Christine and Carolyn, and their husbands, Roy and Toby.

All four—including Toby, despite a visible lump on his head—seemed gay and excited. And I noticed that Carolyn, the young diamond merchant's wife, wore a beautiful fur, while there sparkled at the throat of Christine, the young furrier's wife, an exquisite diamond pendant in the shape of a heart transfixed by an arrow.

From the landing, the four caught sight of us. They waved happily. Raffles rose to his feet, and I followed his example. Together, we raised our glasses to the radiant girls above us.

"Happy Anniversary!" called A. J. Raffles.

THE END

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

To sow seeds thinly and avoid the need for thinning out later, take some long strips of paper—the trimmed ends of wallpaper are ideal—and brush some paste on one side. Place the seeds on the paper at the required distance apart. The strips may be laid in the drill immediately, or hung to dry for use later.—*W. Cark, Muriel Road, Waterlooville, Portsmouth.*

Broad beans will soon be in season. When the plants have finished bearing pods, carefully cut off the faded stems and a second, later crop of beans will grow from the shoots.—*Mrs. K. E. Duckitt, Linden Lane, Kirby Muxloe, Leicestershire.*

PERCY THROWER says: One of the biggest faults of amateur gardeners is in sowing seeds too thickly. This is often difficult to avoid when sowing from the hand or the packet, and once in the drill many seeds are impossible to distinguish from the soil. Thin sowing is a time-saver and also results in healthier plants. The paper-strip method can be used with equal success in pots or boxes. The paper becomes soaked quite quickly and does not hinder the growth of roots.

Mrs. Duckitt's plan of growing a second broad-bean crop is a good one if the land is not required for anything else. Haulms carrying the first beans must be cut down as soon as possible. Later growths may be attacked by mildew. Guard against this with a colloidal copper spray.

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Parents' Day

Continued from page 21

it. He was hopelessly vague and inefficient. It was a relief to know that he would be retiring soon.

Mr. Prothero, meanwhile, was welcoming his niece. Ann was glad to see him again for she had always been fond of the old man.

They had a few words together, and then she went off with Geoffrey to tour the School Exhibition.

With a wretched attempt at interest she surveyed the achievements of the Model Railway Club, and the Geographical and Philatelic Societies. All the time her thoughts were on her son, who walked morosely at her side. He seemed to have erected an impenetrable wall against her. There seemed to be nothing left of the companionship and understanding there had been between them in the old days.

In the Junior Library they came across the Model Aeroplane Club's exhibits, and she made a desperate effort.

"Which is your model, darling?" she asked; and added, fatuously, she felt: "I'm sure it's quite the best of them all."

"I haven't got one," the boy said.

"But Geoff—why ever not?" He had always had a passion for model aeroplanes.

"I'm not interested any more." He gestured angrily. "It's kid's stuff."

SHE stood staring at him bleakly, seeing just how quickly and painfully he had grown up in the last six months.

"Oh, come on!" he said almost rudely. "I suppose you'd like some tea."

Tea was not a success either. They stood together in the middle of the animated throng in the dining hall, and now they had nothing to say to each other at all. Ann Harper was conscious only of the great hurt in the boy.

"Would you like some more?" he asked her, after a long silence.

"Yes, darling," she said, "I'd love another cup." Anything was better than their just standing there mute like that.

Geoff went off to get the tea. Ann stood looking aimlessly about her at the other guests. She happened to glance towards the door, and suddenly her heart began hammering hard.

Someone had just come in. It was George.

George Harper didn't enjoy coming to the school these days. He did his best to persuade himself that it was nonsense, that divorce had become an everyday thing, that it carried no stigma any more. But none the less he couldn't come to one of these gatherings of ordinary, decent people without feeling something that was very like shame.

And there was the difficult business of meeting his boy. He couldn't stand the way the youngster sometimes looked at him now. Dammit, it was almost as though he had committed some crime.

The tea-fight was in progress when he arrived. He paused outside the door of the dining-room. Then he braced himself and went in.

Almost the first person he saw in the crowded room was Ann. He froze, the way she had done. She's awfully pale, he thought wildly, and surely much thinner?

Then the situation burst in upon him. Something had gone wrong. Ann ought not to be here. But she was, and that was that. They'd have to meet. There was no help for it.

HE couldn't see Geoff, but obviously he was around somewhere. What on earth could he and Ann say to each other in the boy's presence?

The other people in the room were a vague blur as he moved across it. Then they were face to face. "Hallo!" he said. "I—I didn't expect to find you here."

"I didn't expect to see you."

"I didn't think I'd be able to get away. Last minute thing, you know."

There was a silence. They stood there smiling the polite smiles of strangers, and Ann wondered with a dangerous slip towards hysteria what they could talk about next. What could an estranged couple talk about, under the circumstances? The weather?

George said suddenly: "Something must have gone wrong. I wrote and told Uncle Edward I'd be coming. I asked him to let you know."

"It doesn't matter," she said.

"But the thing is, what can we do about it?"

"Do?" she said. "About what?" She wasn't helping him at all.

"About this business. It seems to me we've got to stick it out, for Geoff's sake. We've got to think of him."

"It's a little late for that, isn't it?"

He ran a hand up through his hair in the old, harassed gesture that was unbearably familiar to her. He said: "For God's sake, Ann! We can't row here."

"As I understood it, we had our last row some time ago." She smiled a bitter little smile. "Now here's Geoff. Let's try to be civilized."

Geoff had his eyes on the cup of tea he was carrying. When he looked up and saw his father, the tea slopped over suddenly into the saucer. Then his face lit up, and he came quickly across the room.

"Gosh, Dad!" he exclaimed, "I—I didn't know that you were coming too."

"Managed to get away," George said.

"Gosh!" Geoff said again.

George made an effort. "Things going well?" he asked.

The boy grinned, suddenly and delightedly. "Yes," he said. "Awfully well, I think. I've taken Mummy round the exhibition, and I suppose you're really too late for that." He looked at his father eagerly. "But the best part's to come. There's the gym display—and then the boxing."

"The boxing's what I want to see," George Harper said.

"I'm in the middleweight final," Geoff said. "Not much hope though, I'm afraid. I'm up against Williams, and he's got a simply terrific right."

After that, Geoff talked nineteen to the dozen, and did not seem to notice the constraint in his parents' replies. He had obviously accepted without

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question the fact that somehow, miraculously, everything was all right again.

For Ann and George Harper, the ordeal in the dining-hall ended at last. After tea there was a general movement towards the gymnasium and the physical training display. They went along there with the others.

In the gym Geoff sat beside his mother, eagerly explaining everything that was happening. Then the display ended, and it was time for the boxing. In the middle of the gym a ring was being rapidly erected.

Geoff got up from his seat. "This is me," he said. "I'll have to get changed now."

"Good luck, old chap!" George said. "I know you'll win."

Ann said: "Darling, please don't get hurt."

Then Geoff had gone. There was a hum of talk from the spectators. George and Ann Harper sat side by side, trying to make some sense out of their feelings.

The first contestants entered the ring to a burst of applause. The Harpers beat their hands mechanically together.

Mr. Prothero was discreetly present in the gymnasium. He disapproved of boxing as a savage and undignified pastime, but duty required him to attend. He had stationed himself close to the door, so that he could escape at the earliest possible moment.

All the afternoon he had been busy keeping out of the way. He had been assiduously avoiding Headmaster, whose microscopic eye missed no detail of these occasions, and who no doubt was perfectly well aware that both the Harpers were present when only one should have been. Mr. Prothero knew that an explanation would be required of him before long.

He had observed his niece and her husband from time to time, and had not been encouraged by what he had seen. Ann looked distinctly frigid, and George was very much on his silly dignity.

MR. PROTHERO thought of the part he had played in trying to bring these two together again, and condemned himself for being a sentimental old fool. It looked as though the meeting had been merely painful to them both. There was no sign of any rapprochement, and he decided gloomily that he'd only made things worse.

The preliminary bouts began and, as usual, were more ridiculous than savage, with pairs of very small boys flailing wildly at each other. The contestants grew gradually in size, until young Geoffrey and his opponent appeared in the ring. They were greeted by the loudest burst of cheering of the evening.

This, Mr. Prothero understood, was the middleweight final, or some such nonsense. His eyes went to the boys' parents. He noticed that George Harper was joining in the applause with an almost desperate fervour, while his wife sat motionless by his side.

The two finalists went to their corners. Their gloves were tied on. Young Geoffrey didn't seem very attentive to the business in hand, and kept glancing towards the seats where his parents were sitting. He didn't seem to be in at all a warlike mood either. He appeared to be much too pleased with life to want to hit anybody.

The bout began, and from the first Geoffrey Harper didn't make much of a showing. He contented himself with aiming a few good-natured blows at his opponent, none of which had much effect.

The first round ended inconclusively, and the second pursued much the same course until right at the end, when a lucky punch from his adversary brought a sudden stream of bright red from Geoffrey's nose.

He didn't seem to mind. The bell went, and he stood there in the middle of the ring. There were tears in his eyes, but he had a broad grin on his face.

Geoffrey Harper was happy. It would have taken more than a punch on the nose to upset him this evening.

It was more than Ann could bear. She reached out and gripped George's hand hard. Then she said chokingly: "I'm sorry. I've got to get out of here." —

George's hand closed tightly over hers. "No," he said. "You've got to stay. You've got to stick it out. We both have. . . ."

Parents' Day was over. The guests were leaving. There was coffee in the dining-hall for those who wanted it, but a good many people were already driving away.

Headmaster was making his way towards the dining-hall. The Harpers had left the gym immediately after their son's victory, and he was wondering whether they had yet left the school. He was also wondering in what frame of mind they had left. He was still extremely irritated with Mr. Prothero for having permitted such an awkward encounter to take place after the very clear ruling he had given him. George Harper was one of the most well-to-do of all the parents. He was not a man to offend.

Headmaster saw Mr. Prothero trailing along the corridor ahead, and briskly caught up with him. He said: "What happened about the Harpers, Prothero?"

Mr. Prothero was apologetic. He said: "I'm sorry, Headmaster. I ought to have written and put my niece off, but I'm afraid I omitted to do so."

"Really," Headmaster said. "Such negligence, Mr. Prothero, is quite insupportable." He could not contain his annoyance.

They continued together, and were just passing the school office when the door opened and George Harper came out. Headmaster and Mr. Prothero stopped as he came up to them.

"Hullo, Uncle Edward," George said. "I was wondering where you'd got to." Then he turned to Headmaster. "I took the liberty of using the phone, sir. I wanted to see if I could get a room at the Red Lion for the night."

"But certainly——"

"And I wonder if it would be possible for our boy to have lunch with us there tomorrow? My—my wife and I have decided to stay over so that we can have an hour or two with him."

"Why, yes. Of course."

George Harper grinned. "Thank you. I'll go and tell them. I believe they're guzzling coffee."

He went off, jauntily, leaving Headmaster and Mr. Prothero a trifle nonplussed.

Mr. Prothero was the first to collect himself.

"To be trite, Headmaster," he said, "all's well that ends well."

"Eh?" said Headmaster. "Oh, yes, quite!" He brought his gaze to bear upon Mr. Prothero, who just then was looking if anything rather more vague than usual. "A lucky accident, shall we say?" he went on stiffly. "It was still extremely remiss of you to forget to write to your niece. I—er—ah—um. . . ."

He broke off, disconcerted, not for the first time, by the mild inquiry in Mr. Prothero's gaze. He hesitated a moment, and then stalked off towards the dining-hall to do his duty by the last of his guests.

Mr. Prothero didn't follow. He reckoned that the concluding politenesses in the dining-hall had no real need of his presence. Instead he went up to the masters' common-room. He felt that he had deserved a quiet pipe after the stresses and strains of the day.

In the common-room he settled himself comfortably in the fireside armchair that was his by right of seniority. He lit his pipe and, with a sigh of pleasure, relaxed.

The outcome of the Harper affair was eminently satisfactory, but he couldn't help shaking his head a little over Headmaster.

When he had said that he had omitted to write to Ann, Headmaster had taken it that he had *forgotten* to do so.

That was the trouble with these young, new-style heads with their brilliant science degrees. Distinguished they might be, in their own rather uncouth subjects, but nobody could say they were really educated. They certainly had no feeling for the niceties of the English language. THE END

Lady Barnett introduces a gay colour supplement

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME FOR SUMMER

"I'M not an outstanding member of the do-it-yourself brigade," says Lady Barnett, "but I'm always anxious to try the easy way. . . ." In next week's JOHN BULL she introduces an eight-page detachable supplement specially planned to help you to transform your home for the summer months.

Experts on all aspects of interior decorating and design give their advice, and stars of stage and screen describe how they have added new character and charm to their homes. An easy-to-follow full colour guide shows how to bring summer sparkle to any room—at little cost. This fully illustrated supplement appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

PROGRESS—5

Technological progress has merely provided us with more efficient means for going backwards.

Aldous Huxley

Zanzabuku

Continued from page 15

curls that hang down like an old floor mop.

Rarely have I seen any group that loved dancing more than the Turkana. They were always ready and eager to dance before the cameras. Once, after we had filmed for several hours, we told them that their work was done. But there was no stopping the Turkana. They kept going all that evening and for most of the night, and the next day put in another four to six hours.

They had war dances, hunting dances, dances whose character I could not understand.

After some time around Lodwar, we decided to go to Lake Rudolf, about forty-five miles to the east. This is one of the least-known large lakes in Africa, and forms the eastern border of Turkana, with Ethiopia on the other side and the Sudan to the north.

It abounds in fish, crocodiles and hippos, and is beloved of thousands of birds. It is an attractive invitation to aspiring young explorers, for much of it has never been seen by white men, and none has crossed it.

The Turkana settlements on the shores of the lake were comparatively recent and so was fishing, as an occupation. There were several Turkana villages on Lake Rudolf, and the lake was so full of fish that they were easy to catch. We took some good pictures of the men going out in small boats with a long net, then dragging it in to shore loaded with fish of up to two hundred pounds.

One day when we had stopped filming, we watched the Turkana fishermen haul in a netful of fish. As the net neared the sandy shore we saw a violent thrashing in the water and wondered at the size of the fish that could raise such a commotion. But this was no fish. It was a crocodile that had been netted. Then I understood why the tribesmen carried their spears even when fishing. Two of them ran towards the crocodile and speared him again and again.

This, I decided, would make a dramatic and unusual shot. We asked the fishermen to signal to us the moment they realized that they had netted another crocodile, and we posted ourselves on shore to wait.

The next day there was no crocodile, nor the day after that. Finally, our patience was rewarded. There was a violent thrashing in the water, and our cameramen started running for the spot without any signal from the fishermen. But the men forgot our instructions and, in their excitement, killed the crocodile before we were ready. . . .

EVERY time I have gone back to Africa I have stayed longer, travelled farther, penetrated deeper and taken more chances in my efforts to get good and unusual pictures. But there were some scenes fairly close to the main towns that kept eluding me. One was Kilimanjaro, the snow-capped mountain that lies near to the equator.

Kilimanjaro is a shy thing that keeps itself clothed in clouds a good deal of the time. It has captured men's imagination as have few mountains in the world. Rising slowly and gently from the torrid plains—you can walk up one side, so gradual is the ascent—it keeps on mounting to the sky until it has reached almost 20,000 feet at Kibo Peak. The last few thousand feet, gracefully draped with snow, look like something ethereal, far removed from things of the world.

You are lucky to be able to see Kilimanjaro like this. During my 1937 trip I waited in vain for it to emerge. Finally I chartered a plane and flew round it, feasting my eyes on the entire mountain from plains to snowy peak. It was thrilling, but somehow not quite real. I wanted to see it with my feet on the ground and follow its lines all the way up.

Again, in 1946, I spent weeks in and around the country from which magnificent views of Kilimanjaro could be seen, but I didn't get one clear sight of it. Finally, in 1954, fortune favoured me and the clouds cleared while I was

in Amboseli. For three whole days Kilimanjaro was revealed. . . .

Another African picture that eluded me was of flamingoes. I saw them by the thousand, but could never film them. They feed in huge flocks on three slightly saline lakes in East Africa—Nakuru, Elmenteita and Hannington.

As you approach the lakes you think that some kind of pink water-lilies must have been strewn over thousands of square yards of shoreline, for you can see nothing but a slightly moving mass of brilliant pink. When you get close enough to realize that they are birds, they are likely to take off.

Having failed in 1937, I put flamingoes on my list again in 1946. We went to Lake Elmenteita where we found the biggest flocks of pink flamingoes I had ever seen. I turned the photography over to a professional cameraman, and then approached the flamingoes to set them into flight. All went just as I planned—except that my cameraman told me next day that his film had been threaded incorrectly and all the flamingo footage was ruined.

Luckily, in 1954 we obtained some magnificent flamingo shots, as thousands of birds took to the air, the beat of their wings sounding like that of a distant cascade.

I also wanted to film another scene that I had missed on my first two expeditions—perhaps the most exciting and dramatic hunt in the world—Masai tribesmen killing a lion with their spears.

The Masai have been much photographed and written about because they are handsome, proud and romantic. Even today, when they have dwindled in numbers, they still hold a conviction that they are superior beings. But in spite of this superiority, the Masai is a friendly person. He does not throw his weight around or act obnoxiously, but he is a formidable enemy.

The self-confidence of the Masai is the kind that has been part of his heritage for centuries. You can still see this air of kingship and aristocracy in the walk and bearing of a Masai warrior. He is tall—around six feet or more—thin, well proportioned and walks with a graceful loping stride. He wears a dark cloth loosely thrown over one shoulder—except for lion hunting, when he strips for action.

He glows with a kind of reddish-orange hue, from the ochre mud that he smears on his body. His earlobes are pierced and have been stretched until they are long loops from which dangle heavy ornaments of copper or iron.

This is the professional warrior, part of the Masai standing army which consists of every able-bodied male between eighteen and thirty. As a boy the Masai has been trained to be a warrior, and he dreams of the day when he will finally become one. A warrior devotes his life and thoughts to being a warrior and nothing else. He cannot marry. He cannot live with his family, but instead he lives at a special *manyatta*, or village, for fighting men.

FOR twelve years the young Masai man is a warrior. At thirty he retires, cuts off his pigtails and marries. Women don't have much to say among the Masai, but are on the whole rather well treated. They give themselves their own punishment, so far as I could see, by wearing pounds of decoration, usually thick copper wire formed into rings around arms, legs and neck. Each limb may carry up to fifteen pounds of copper, and once put on this is never taken off.

I saw my first Masai in 1937, and felt the same admiration for them that almost everyone feels. There is something fine in the sight of two or three Masai warriors striding across the flat plains, with their very long and thin spears and tough, colourful shields. Nowadays most of the Masai in Kenya and some elsewhere have been deprived of both spears and shields so that they cannot make war on their neighbours. Some men carry staffs instead of spears, but they are not the same thing. And something has happened to the Masai soul with this major deprivation.

In some areas of Tanganyika, fortunately, the Masai have kept their spears and shields, and may keep them so long as they do not make war. But to a Masai this is almost as soul-wrenching a deprivation as taking away the weapons: a Masai warrior cannot reconcile himself to the idea of a spear and shield as ornaments.

I like to think of the Masai as they are when hunting lions. It is this which has caused explorers and hunters to call them "the bravest of the brave." When a lion has killed a cow—that is the time for Masai to start their hunt. When they have located the killer they will hurl stones into its hideout until it leaps out in an effort to escape. Then the Masai go after it.

Soon, the lion turns to attack its pursuers. At this point, the hunters encircle the animal, closing in step by step, shields raised, spears poised to strike. When the men are ten or fifteen feet away, the lion chooses to attack—to kill so that it can escape. When the lion springs, the attacked hunter raises his shield to bear the force of the pounce, at the same time hurling his spear. The other hunters, after flinging their spears, rush in with their double-edged knives until they have carved the lion to pieces.

In 1954, after trying unsuccessfully to film a Masai lion hunt, I decided to take some dance sequences. At Monduli, in Tanganyika, I sent an interpreter to three different Masai headmen asking them to come with some of their warriors for picture taking. From three directions the Masai streamed in—ten times as many as I needed.

They were fine-looking specimens, and all carried shields and long spears. They had no musical instruments except drums, but these gave out a persistent beat that was hypnotic in its effect. The dancers became more and more ecstatic as the dance progressed, flinging their arms out with great abandon, shouting and throwing their heads back violently. As I saw the wild look in their eyes I recalled stories about the drastic effect that the war dance had on some warriors.

The resurgence of the war spirit occasionally sent some into uncontrollable fits or into absolute frenzy. These thoughts gave me an idea, and I asked the chiefs if their men would re-enact a war charge.

We set up the scene, selecting a low hill for the warriors to charge over. Then I chose ten particularly fine specimens from among the warriors, men whom I had noticed displaying a special fervour in the dance.

They were to retire to the other side of the hill, so that at a signal they could charge over the top and race down upon us, directly for the cameras, whooping and brandishing spears as if about to slaughter an old enemy. All the other headmen in the front row lined up at one side, out of camera range but close to the line of attack.

The ten men went over the hill and out of sight. Then I gave the signal, which was relayed to the warriors. Before we saw them we heard wild whoops and the cameras started grinding away.

Suddenly the warriors burst over the top of the hill, running at breath-taking speed, holding their shields in front of them and brandishing their spears on high. It made a thrilling spectacle, and I was delighted.

Straight towards us the men raced, two or three in front, the others strung out behind. They were forty yards away, thirty, twenty—and I saw plainly the expressions of ecstatic frenzy on the faces of the leaders, the glare of joyous ferocity in their eyes.

THEN I realized that the first man, at least, was no longer acting. He was really charging. He was going to pierce me or one of my cameramen with his spear. Perhaps it was the fleck of white foam on his lips that told me, but the wild look in his eyes was that of a man whose mind has taken flight from reality.

I was too petrified to move, and there wasn't time anyway. But the Masai standing alongside acted swiftly, for they realized what was likely to happen. When the charging men were about ten yards away several of the onlookers hurled themselves at the first two warriors and knocked them to the ground.

I shouted to my cameraman: "Get it!" The camera was turned on the Masai holding down two writhing, kicking warriors, both of whom were frothing at the mouth. One still jerked his arm violently as if to throw his spear. His eyes were turned up so that I could see only the whites. The other warrior nursed a deep gash in his leg. He had stabbed himself with his spear as he fell.

Within minutes both men were calm, and their panting had ceased. But when they got to their feet, their eyes were vacant, glazed, and they acted bewilderedly. No one seemed to be surprised by the incident, except me and my cameraman. For us, surprise was hardly the word to describe our feelings.

I shall not forget the Masai in a hurry. That scene—and a thousand others—come back into my mind as I recall my safari adventures, and I give thanks that I was able to visit Africa in time to see and know its thrilling, primitive world. THE END

"Zanzabuku," by Lewis Cotlow, will be published as a book in the autumn by Robert Hale at 18s.

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Mr. Child drove north from Osterley—to stop his only daughter marrying an earl

SARAH ANNE, the only daughter of Mr. Robert Child, owner of Osterley Park, in Middlesex, fell in love at the age of eighteen with the tenth Earl of Westmorland, who was twenty-two.

"Rapid Westmorland," as he was nicknamed, knew that Child had other plans for his daughter. So in the early hours of Friday, May 17, 1782, he abducted Sarah Anne, put her into a post-chaise and drove for Gretna Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Child set out in pursuit, sending two men ahead on swift horses. As the riders drew level with the post-chaise the earl aimed his pistol at them, but hesitated. "Shoot, my lord!" cried Sarah Anne. Her lover obeyed and the finest of Mr. Child's hunters lay dead on the roadside.

Then by luck the earl met an old friend in command of a detachment of troops. He persuaded the officer to put his troops across the road. Mr. and Mrs. Child were held up and had to abandon the chase.

Robert Child died of a broken heart, but in the course of time Mrs. Child forgave her daughter. "My dear," she complained, "why were you so hasty when I had better suitors for you?"

"Mama," Lady Westmorland replied, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Two hundred years before, Sir Thomas Gresham, one of the most powerful merchants of his age, had built a house at Osterley and entertained Queen Elizabeth there. The present magnificent building is a reconstruction of the Elizabethan house carried out by Robert Adam, the great eighteenth-century architect. It was given to the National Trust in 1949.

One seventeenth-century owner of Osterley was the Earl of Desmond. His wife was one of the Duchess of Buckingham's ladies-in-waiting. Lord Desmond thought she had been in waiting long enough. He broke into the Duchess's house, seized his wife, who was half-undressed, put her into a coach and made off with her. Lady Desmond was not at all pleased at first. She tried to escape from her husband dressed as a dairy maid but was caught. However the pair soon settled down at Osterley where they lived happily ever after.

How to get there: Osterley Park is just north of Osterley Underground station (Piccadilly line). The house is open from April to September: weekdays, 10 till 6; Sundays, 2.30 till 6.

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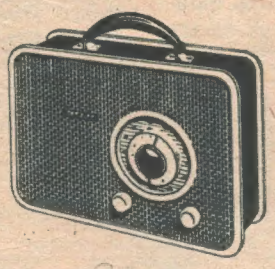

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Those Ashes	Nature's Masterpiece
Collector v. Taxpayer	Getting Saucy
Spanner In The Works	Something To Eat
Health And Beauty	Bit Of A Stinker
On The Honeymoon Train	Only Kidding
Tempers Flared And	At The End Of The Road

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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With A.....Like That	The.....To Blame
In A Dangerous.....	All ..... Had Left

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Further 1,060 prizes have also been posted.

£500 Tournament Award (for best First Prize *Bullet* of Contests 2,033, 2,034, 2,035, 2,036) won by R. Robinson, 91 Victoria Road, Saltney, Chester.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 23, for early news of No. 2,042 result.)

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 2,042, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

What a doctor says about Polio

Every modern mother wants to know the facts about this tragic disease . . . about symptoms to watch for, the much-discussed new vaccines and other practical safeguards for her children. In its June issue MOTHER consults a prominent medical man and presents a truly up-to-date report. Topical problems like this are discussed every month in MOTHER, the Magazine of Happy Marriage that realistically covers the interests of wives and mothers of all ages.

There'll be a bigger demand than ever for the June issue, so order your copy now!

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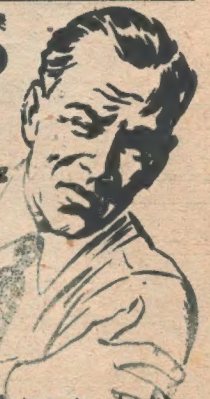
Years of RELIEF—thanks to De Witt's Pills!



In 1940, Mr. P. Board of Bristol wrote: *"Suffered badly from Muscular Rheumatism . . . De Witt's Pills gave me relief . . . 2 small bottles and I am free from all pain"*

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Have a wonderful meal with Guiseppe Ceruti's simple recipe for COD CORNWALL

Ingredients: 3 lbs. Cod, preferably tail end; 1 quart fresh mussels; mashed potatoes.

Method: Split and bone cod; season with salt and pepper; dip in milk; flour both sides; fry in margarine or butter—first on side without skin—until golden brown.

For the mussels: Put mussels in saucepan with a little water, chopped onion, and chopped parsley. Add a little white wine, cider or vinegar. Cook until tender, remove one shell, arrange with mashed potatoes around cod fillets. Garnish with parsley.

Guiseppe Ceruti—head chef at Bentley's world famous Oyster Bar and Restaurant on Swallow Street, in London, just off Piccadilly Circus—is one of Europe's foremost experts in the preparation of fish.

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BUY FISH TOMORROW!